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THE MAN WHO FEARED GOD FOR NOUGHT

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THE MAN

WHO FEARED GOD FOR NOUGHT

BEING

A RHYTHMICAL VERSION

OF

THE BOOK OF JOB

BY

OTIS CARY

Publishers of Evangelical Literature

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

PRINTED AT

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"BEHOLD WE CALL THEM BLESSED WHICH ENDURED."

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PREFACE

All great works of literature lose something of their original force and beauty when they are translated into another language. This is doubly true when at the same time poetry is transformed into prose. Most modern readers are unaccustomed to see the Book of Job printed as a poem. In the Authorized English Translation its outward form is the same as that of the historical books of the Bible. Although in many places the noble diction spontaneously assumes a poetical cadence, there is no set attempt at rhythm. The loss may be compared to that which would be suffered by our great English poems if they were changed into prose. Here, for example, is a well-known passage from Shakespeare, treated as the Authorized Translation presents the poetical books of the Bible:—

"Mercy's quality is unstrained. Like the gentle rain from heaven it falls down upon the place below it. It is two times blessed; it blesses the giver and the recipient."

Though the Revised Version gives us the outward appearance of poetry, it does not attempt to reproduce the poetical diction of the Hebrew or to replace it by English meter. The result may be illustrated by printing somewhat differently the paraphrase of Portia's words:—

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For a standard translation of the Bible, the method adopted by the Revised Version is doubtless the best; accuracy being more desirable than poetic diction. Rhythmical versions of the poem have, however, certain advantages, especially when they are to be read aloud. The one here presented is not a new translation; in the rendering of the Hebrew it is little more than a reproduction of the Revised Version. Whole lines have been left without change; in many others there has been only a transposition of the words. In the few places where there are changes of meaning these have been made in accordance with the marginal readings, the rendering preferred by the American Committee, or the views of prominent commentators. In order to keep the book within a literate limit, the reasons for such alterations have not been given. Those who desire to study such matters or to find explanations of difficult passages must be referred to the commentaries. Those by Dr. Cox (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), and Dr. Davidson (Cambridge Bible for Schools) may be recommended for the general reader. Prof. Genung's "The Epic of the Inner Life" (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) is of great value for those who desire to get at the heart of the poem; and like Prof. Moulton's "The Book of Job" in "The Modern Reader" (Pioneer, Macmillan & Co.), will help those who study the poem from a [illegible] in [illegible]. Among rhythmical versions may [illegible] that by Prof. Taylor Lewis in Lange's series [illegible] (Scribner).

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a version that so often disregards the ordinary rules of English blank verse. Most of the lines are indeed of five feet; but, besides Alexandrines, there are many short lines. By the free use of adjectives and adverbs, or by other slight changes, all might have been brought to the prescribed length. Among the reasons for not doing so were the following:—

1. It was desirable to avoid, as far as possible, any addition to the thoughts of the original poem.

2. The parallelism of Hebrew poetry added to the regularity of pentameter verse would have produced a monotony which is to some extent avoided by lines of unequal length.

3. In many places where the experiment was tried of stretching the lines to fit the Procrustean bed of heroic verse, the result, when read aloud, did not please the ear so well as the other forms, whose very irregularity seemed to be in consonance with the spirit of the poem.

If the present version meets the purpose for which it was written, it presents the Book of Job in a form specially adapted for reading aloud in the family, in literary societies, or before an audience. It is sent forth with the hope that, while helping to an appreciation of the literary merits of the ancient poem, it may also make more vivid the moral and religious lessons that it has for men of all times.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTES

In the Book of Job we possess what the Encyclopaedia Britanica calls "the most splendid creation of Hebrew poetry." Other authorities are even more enthusiastic in their praise of the book. Dr. Samuel Cox says, "The Book of Job is admitted, with hardly a dissentient voice, to be the most sublime religious poem in the literature of the world." Prof. Moulton writes, "If a jury of persons well instructed in literature were impanelled to pronounce upon the question what is the greatest poem in the world's great literatures, while on such a question unanimity would be impossible, yet I believe a large majority would give their verdict in favor of. . . the Book of Job." Tennyson called it "the greatest poem, whether of ancient or modern times." Herder, "who was at home in the literature of all ages and countries," considered it "the most exalted didactic poem of all nations." Carlyle, in writing of "The Hero as Prophet," says of this book: "I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or noble sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book; all men's Book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending Problem, — man's destiny, and God's way with him here in this earth. And all in such free, flowing outlines; grand in its simplicity; in its epic melody and repose

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Merely as lovers of good literature, we cannot afford to neglect a [illegible] such high praise. It is certainly worthy of being read and studied with the same care that we bestow upon other great literary works. Such a study of the book, if carried on in a [illegible] spirit, would add to our appreciation of its religious value, as we should thus be better able to understand [illegible] and the meaning of its various parts. Few books [illegible] such [illegible] the practise of reading by [illegible] idea of Shakespeare's dramas if we [illegible] a scene from "Hamlet;" to-morrow, one from [illegible]" and on the next day read from "The Merchant [illegible] if we should read the same play consecutively [illegible] the result would be very unsatisfactory [illegible] perused the complete drama at a [illegible] that it makes as a whole. If we [illegible] Bible [illegible] excellencies as literature [illegible] book like Job, to give it such full [illegible] Shakespearean students bestow upon

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Merely as lovers of good literature, we cannot afford to neglect a book that has elicited such high praise. It is certainly worthy of being read and studied with the same care that we bestow upon other great literary works. Such a study of the book, if carried on in a reverent spirit, would add to our appreciation of its religious value, as we should thus be better able to understand its purpose and the meaning of its various parts. Few books of the Bible suffer so much from the practise of reading by chapters. Could we gain a clear idea of Shakespeare's dramas if we read to-day a scene from "Hamlet;" to-morrow, one from "Julius Caesar;" and on the next day read from "The Merchant of Venice"? Even if we should read the same play consecutively, one or two scenes a day, the result would be very unsatisfactory unless we sometimes perused the complete drama at a sitting so as to get the impression that it makes as a whole. If we believe that the Bible has surpassing excellencies as literature, we ought, especially with a book like Job, to give it such faithful study as Shakespearean students bestow upon

the works of the great dramatist, — sometimes reading the book as a whole, and sometimes studying the characteristics of the persons described; until Job, Eliphaz, and Zophar stand before us as distinctly as Hamlet, Polonius, and Laertes do before those who are really acquainted with the drama in which they appear.

The book has other than literary claims upon our attention. It deals with some of the greatest problems that have ever occupied the thoughts of men. Even those who are neither Jews nor Christians might well be interested to inquire how a man of such consummate genius as the author of the poem looked upon these questions. His opinion must certainly be worth hearing.

The poem portrays the way in which a soul filled with doubt and perplexity was led to peace and joy in God. If bitter trials, or doubts aroused by theological discussions, should ever shake our faith in God, or if we are called upon to help others who are suffering an eclipse of faith, it may be that in this ancient book we shall find lessons that will prove of inestimable value to us.

The question naturally arises how far the book is a record of historical events. It is not easy to believe that such a debate as it reports would actually be carried on in poetry, especially as the chief speaker was suffering great physical agony. The use of round numbers in describing Job's children and possessions has an artificial appearance. The accounts of the scenes in heaven, and of the calamities from which in each case only one servant escaped alive, are of the same nature.

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In the case of Job [illegible] is the greatest divergence of opinion about the date of its composition; some placing it before the time of Moses, while others consider [illegible] written after the Captivity. [illegible] to weigh the different opinions that have been held, it may be said that most modern scholars are inclined to place the composition of the poem somewhere between the time of Solomon and that of Jeremiah. One reason for this is that the book [illegible] part of what is known as the "Wisdom Literature," of which Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are other examples. The problems treated by this literature

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were to some extent suggested by the new cosmopolitanism that commenced with the age of Solomon and took on greater importance as the interests of Palestine became deeply involved with those of Assyria and Egypt. We cannot dogmatically affirm that a writer living centuries before that era would not write upon the same themes, for such questions are ever presenting themselves to the minds of men; yet the presumption is in favor of the book's having been written when men were seeking to define wisdom, or the ultimate rule by which they ought to govern their lives. Moreover, we find that Job contains words, phrases, and peculiarities of thought that link it with this Wisdom Literature and also with other books that were written at about the same time. The descriptions of wisdom given in Job and in Proverbs bear striking resemblances to each other; the conclusion of Ecclesiastes is the same as that enunciated by Job at the close of the debate with his friends (Eccl. xii. 13; Job xxviii. 28); the words of Jeremiah when expressing regret that he had ever been born are almost identical with those of Job (Jer. xx. 14–18; Job iii.); Hezekiah's "writing" (Is. xxxviii. 9–20) sounds like a chapter taken from this book; while other passages in Isaiah and Amos are strikingly like those found here. It is hard to explain so many resemblances if Job was written eight or nine centuries before the other books.

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lost; or, as in some cases is even more likely, both may have used words and phrases that were current in the religious discussions of their age.

There is, however, one instance of parallelism that is of such a nature as to make it almost certain that one passage was written with the other in mind. In Psalm viii. the writer, whose soul is filled with admiration of the glories of the heavens, expresses his wonder that God should condescend to remember in mercy such an insignificant being as man:—

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

When Job complained that God was treating him as though he were some fearful monster that it was necessary to keep under restraint, he said:—

"What is man, that thou shouldest magnify him,
And that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him,
And that thou shouldest visit him every morning,
And try him every moment?" (Job vii. 17, 18).

Though outwardly the questions are so nearly alike, it is evident that their spirit is antagonistic. The psalmist is thankful for God's remembrance of man; Job is complaining that God will not leave him alone to have a moment's peace. There is nothing in the nature of the psalm to favor the idea that the writer, whose heart is filled with thoughts of praise, has taken the opportunity to contradict an assertion wrung from a sufferer in a moment of despair; but nothing could be more in accord with the character of Job's complaint than for him to take the words of a familiar hymn as the basis for a bitter and sarcastic parody. Thus we have a strong reason for believing that the Book of Job was written after a psalm that is ascribed to David

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Attention may here be directed to an event that was likely to revive the interest of the Jews in the story of Job and thus prepare the way for a dramatic poem based upon the facts of his life. With the exception of Solomon, no Hebrew ruler attained a higher degree of prosperity than that enjoyed by King Uzziah. Like his father, he did what was right in the eyes of the Lord. He was marvellously helped, so that he became very strong. He conquered the walled towns of the Philistines, gained victories over the Arabians, and exacted tribute from the Ammonites. His name spread abroad even to the "entering in of Egypt." The fortifications of Jerusalem were strengthened and furnished with curious engines for hurling stones and arrows against any enemy that might venture to attack the city. Under the direction of many mighty men of valor, there was trained an army of 307,500 men, well equipped with offensive and defensive arms.

Not only as head of the nation, but also as an individual, Uzziah enjoyed great prosperity. In the grazing country west of the Dead Sea were pastured large flocks of cattle that belonged to him; many a mountain slope was covered with his luxuriant vines; and his fruitful fields required the labor of many men; "for he loved husbandry."

As the people rejoiced in the glory of one who so nearly corresponded to the Hebrew ideal of a king, as they thought of his great possessions, and as they praised his piety; they might well feel that their ruler was "the greatest of all the children" of western Asia. They would say of him, "There is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth

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Attention may here be directed to an event that was likely to revive the interest of the Jews in the story of Job and thus prepare the way for a dramatic poem based upon the facts of his life. With the exception of Solomon, no Hebrew ruler attained a higher degree of prosperity than that enjoyed by King Uzziah. Like his father, he did what was right in the eye of the Lord. He was marvellously helped, so that he became very strong. He conquered the walled towns of the Philistines, gained victories over the Arabians, and exacted tribute from the Ammonites. His name spread abroad even to the "entering in of Egypt." The fortifications of Jerusalem were strengthened and furnished with curious engines for hurling stones and arrows against any enemy that might venture to attack the city. Under the direction of many mighty men of valor, there was trained an army of 307,500 men, well equipped with offensive and defensive arms.

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As the people rejoiced in the glory of one who so nearly corresponded to the Hebrew ideal of a king, as they thought of his great possessions, and as they praised his piety; they might well feel that their ruler was "the greatest of all the children" of western Asia. They would say of him, "There is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth

God and seekeweth evil. Therefore has God blessed the work of his hands and his substance is increased in the land" (Job i. 8, 10).

The reign of this pious and prosperous king had continued for nearly half a century when a sudden and terrible change occurred. It was doubtless on some great festal occasion that King Uzziah went up into the temple of the Lord to offer incense. As he passed through the city the streets were lined with people who flocked to gaze on their honored king and his splendid retinue. Their enthusiasm may have found expression in the song:—

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek after him,
That seek thy face, O God of Jacob" (Ps. xxiv. 3–6).

Hardly had the song died upon their lips after the entrance of the king into the temple, when the people were startled at hearing the terrible cry, "Unclean! Unclean!" What leper has had the insolence to enter the city? The cry comes from the precincts of the temple itself. How dared one made impure by leprosy to tempt God's wrath by entering that sacred enclosure? While such thoughts flash through the minds of the people, they see the stricken man coming out of the gate and hurrying down the marble stairway. He is clad in royal robes; upon his head is a crown. What can it all mean? The people

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who a short time before had pressed to get as near the procession as the guards would allow, now shrink back into the shops or down the side streets. That sad cry of the leper is more effective than the soldiers who usually clear the way for the royal progress; and through the vacant streets the king with his head bent down hastens toward the gate of the city which he must leave forever. The rest of his life must be spent in a "several house," as a loathsome leper; shunned by men, even though he is still their king.

Perhaps it will help us to a clearer understanding of the excitement caused by this event if we consider what it would mean to England if to-morrow its honored queen should be struck down by such a disease, and could no longer dwell in any of the towns of that land or be waited upon by any less miserable than herself. The fate of Uzziah presented a difficult problem to the minds of theologians. Why should one of such acknowledged piety be so terribly afflicted? It may be that the king's intention to offer incense at the altar had been previously announced and that the priests had declared that such an act would be sacrilegious. This would give rise to discussion. Those who opposed what they regarded as the rising arrogance of the priesthood would cite the cases of David and Solomon as justifying the proposed action of Uzziah. In whatever way the priests might meet such arguments before Uzziah was stricken with leprosy, they would afterwards claim that God had vindicated their position. We cannot be sure, however, that all accepted their interpretation of what had happened. Perhaps traces of another explanation appear in the Book of Kings, where nothing is said of the scene in the temple, but Uzziah's calamity is apparently ascribed to his failure to exterminate

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idolatry (2 Ki. xv. 4, 5). In any case, the whole question of suffering and its connection with sin could not fail to become a prominent subject of discussion; while interest would be revived in the story of the man of Uz,* who like Uzziah had been an example of prosperous piety and also like him had been made a miserable leper.

Another great calamity is associated with Uzziah's name. Both Amos (i. 1) and Zechariah (xiv. 5) tell us of the great earthquake that occurred during his reign. The terrible convulsion left its impress on the imagery employed by the prophets of that age. Having felt the earth rise and fall in waves beneath their feet, having seen the attempts of the people to escape, and having shared in the general consternation, they could never forget those experiences. (See Am. ii. 14–16; iii. 15; vi. 11; viii. 8; ix. 1–3, 5, 11; Is. v. 25; vi. 4; ix. 10; xxix. 6; Mic. i. 4; Jo. ii. 10; iii. 16. Possibly Am. i. 2 and iii. 8 may refer like Jo. iii. 16 to the noise accompanying the earthquake.)

The writer of Job makes several references to earthquakes. Though it would be impossible to prove that he refers to that of Uzziah's time, we feel that he writes of what he himself has experienced.

In close connection with references to the earthquake, Amos (viii. 8, 9), Joel (ii. 10; iii. 15, 16), and Zechariah (xiv. 5–7) all speak of a darkening of the sun. They may be referring to an eclipse, but the similarity of all these passages leads us to think of such a darkening of the sky as sometimes occurs in connection with seismic convulsions. It is noticeable that in

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Job we have the same association of the darkened sun with the earthquake (Job ix. 5–7).

According to Josephus, the great earthquake was synchronous with the breaking out of Uzziah's leprosy. He says: "In the meantime a great earthquake shook the ground, and a rent was made in the temple, and the bright rays of the sun shone through it, and fell upon the king's face, insomuch that the leprosy seized upon him immediately; and before the city, at a place called Eroge, half the mountain broke off from the rest on the west, and rolled itself four furlongs, and stood still at the east mountain, till the roads, as well as the king's gardens, were spoiled by the obstruction." It has been thought that Zechariah had this rending of the mountain in mind when he said: "And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south" (Zech. xiv. 4). In the next verse, the Septuagint and some other authorities favor the reading given in the margin of the Revised Version, "The valley of my mountains shall be stopped." Mic. i. 4 may refer to the same event. It would appear that in connection with the earthquake there was a great land-slip by which the side of the Mount of Olives was hurled down into the Kidron Valley. For many years afterwards the people of Jerusalem, as they looked towards the east, saw the scar upon the side of the mountain and were reminded of the ruin that had been wrought. The Brook Kidron, temporarily impeded by the mass of debris thrown across its path, would soon cut for itself a new channel; but

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year by year the water would wear away the stones and in times of freshet would sweep away quantities of sand and earth, bearing them down towards the Dead Sea. What could be better fitted to suggest such lines as the following?—

"Which removeth the mountains, and they know it not,
When he overturneth them in his anger" (Job ix. 5).

"And surely the mountain falling cometh to nought,
And the rock is removed out of its place;
The waters wear away the stones;
The overflowings thereof wash away the dust of the earth:
And thou destroyest the hope of man" (Job xiv. 18, 19).

The discussions aroused by Uzziah's misfortunes had not ceased when another prosperous and pious king, who claimed to have walked before the Lord "in truth and with a perfect heart" (Is. xxxviii. 3), was attacked by a grievous disease. The word "boil" used in speaking of Hezekiah's sickness (2 Ki. xx. 7; Is. xxxviii. 21) is the same that is employed in describing the signs of leprosy (Lev. xiii. 18–23) and the disease of Job (Job ii. 7). Moreover, the hereditary nature of leprosy gives some ground for the supposition that it may have broken out in the great-grandson of Uzziah. The absence, however, of any reference to sequestration makes it more probable that he suffered from some other disease. In any case, he was "sick unto death," and was thrown into deep despondency. The many resemblances between Hezekiah's "writing" and the Book of Job have suggested to some that the latter may have been written by the king whose personal experiences of suffering fitted him for such composition.

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psalm, which was doubtless used in some public service of thanksgiving for his recovery. The name could be applied to a hymn written by one of the literary men of his court. The resemblances to Job are indeed too marked to be accidental. They could be most readily explained by one of two suppositions:—either the "writing" appropriated the expressions of Job, or the person who wrote the hymn for Hezekiah was afterwards led to develop its thoughts and make them part of a longer composition.

Since scholars have found so many other reasons for assigning the date of the Book of Job to that age, it seems probable that the writer was one whose thoughts had dwelt much upon the problems suggested by the sufferings of pious men like Uzziah and Hezekiah. There may be but little to justify us in going farther than this and in specifying any one individual as the probable author; yet attention may be called to some possible indications. The "writing of Hezekiah" is not contained in the Book of Kings nor in Chronicles; but only in the collected writings of Isaiah. Several other utterances of that prophet bear a close resemblance to passages in Job. Isaiah was the biographer of Uzziah (2 Chron. xxvi. 22), and so must have pondered much on the fate of that unhappy monarch. In the same year that King Uzziah died, the prophet seemed, while the earth again trembled, to see an angel taking a live coal from the altar where Uzziah had stood. The king had been forced to leave that place with the cry, "Unclean! Unclean!" upon his lips; but the prophet, who thought of himself as a man of leprous lips dwelling among a leprous people, had his lips purified for their work of proclaiming God's messages (Is. vi.). This vision, which marked the crisis of his life, would have a

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tendency to make him still more interested in the story of the king whose visit to the temple was such a contrast to his own. Still later, as the friend, counsellor, and biographer (2 Chron. xxxii. 32) of Hezekiah, his thoughts would again be turned to the problem of the affliction of the righteous. All these things are very far from proving that Isaiah wrote the Book of Job; but they favor what for other reasons is an attractive theory.

What is the main theme of the poem? The natural place to look for it is near the beginning of the book; and there we find it contained by implication in the sneering inquiry of Satan, "Doth Job fear God for nought?" The writer believed that man can and ought to serve God unselfishly; in other words, that righteousness is to be desired because it is righteousness, and not because godliness is thought to be gain. This teaching is in opposition to what was the practical outcome of the philosophy that prevailed in the author's time; as it is to much that has since been taught in the name of morality or religion.

The question whether Job was unselfish in his service concerned God's honor as well as his own; "for if the most pious of mankind is incapable of loving God gratuitously—that is, really, it follows that God is incapable of making himself loved."—Godet. Here is one explanation of the Almighty's address. He made His glory pass before Job by declaring His wisdom, His power, and His loving care for all that He has made. Thus Job's devotion was so refinded that he could serve the Lord with gladness, even in the midst of dark mysteries that were left without explanation. Such revival was needed because, though Job had never given up his hold on God, much of the joy of service had departed when his mind was shaken

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with intellectual doubts. These, indeed, had to a great measure been resolved before the debate closed. Job had then arrived at a conclusion that coincides with the theme of the poem (xxviii. 28). Job's statement of that conclusion was the climax of the right speaking commended by the Lord (xlii. 7, 8).

The hero of the poem is not an Israelite. This allows of his being represented as gradually arriving at a knowledge of great religious truths that were held by the Hebrews. This is seen in Job's conceptions of God. Men's thoughts of the divine being have always been greatly affected by their ideas of earthly rulers. Job likened Him to a powerful sheik. The head of a tribe, though desiring to be just, might be led by unfounded suspicions to treat one of his people unfairly. The person thus wronged might feel confident that if he could get the sheik to listen to his story, the injustice would be rectified; but he knows no way in which a poor man can gain his chief's attention. Such a person might, for instance, be seated beside the road as the mighty sheik passed by. Though longing to present his petition, he is so overcome by the brilliancy of the pageant that he hardly dares to raise his eyes, nor can he quickly pick out the chief from among the richly-apparelled attendants (ix. 11). Even though he calls and the feeble cry causes the chieftain to look around and ask who spoke, the humble suppliant thinks there is some mistake; he can hardly believe that he has gained the great man's notice; and so, while he hesitates, the procession passes on and the opportunity is lost (ix. 16). Should he venture to challenge his oppressor to trial by combat; the latter, conscious of his strength, would not shrink from the contest; or he would reply, "Here I am," as he drew his sword to slay on the

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spot one who had been so presumptious. No one can summon his ruler to a court of justice (ix. 19). Even if the poor man were granted a trial and called on to state his case, he would be so confused in the presence of the chief that he could not plead effectually. He would very likely say just the opposite of what he intended, and thus his own words would be taken as proof of guilt (ix. 20).

Afterwards Job, without losing his sense of God's majesty, but rather having it increased, is taught that God is not merely a powerful ruler and judge, but that His knowledge and loving care extend to all things, so that it is impossible for Him to treat any one unjustly.

Job is represented as being at first without a knowledge of the future life and without that belief in a Redeemer which the messianic promises had given to the Israelites. It is interesting to watch the rise and development of these ideas in his mind. At first he thinks of death as annihilation; or, at least, as entrance upon a state of unconsciousness (iii. 13–16; vii. 8–10; xiv. 7–12). Then a strange idea comes to his mind. The number of years during which he can live has already been decreed. He knows not how many of them are left; but what a happy thing it would be if, instead of having them now during the period of God's displeasure, he could be laid away in the grave until that anger is past, and then be called back to enjoy them when God shall recognize his innocence and be longing to bless him. It is this strange conceit that leads him to ask whether it would be possible for a man who had once died to live again (xiv. 13–15). For a while the thought remains dormant in his mind; then, at the moment when his sufferings are greatest, and when his agonized appeal to his friends for

sympathy meets no response, there suddenly bursts upon his soul the blessed assurance that the vindication he can no longer hope to receive here will certainly be granted to him hereafter when he shall be set free from the leprous body and permitted to see God as one no longer estranged from him (xix. 25–27).

Belief in a Redeemer (or, more properly, a Vindicator, since the question is not of redemption from sin) is reached by similar stages. Feeling the difficulty of getting his case before God for judgment, Job regrets that there is no one to act as Daysman (ix. 33). It cannot be, however, that the injustice done him will be left forever unrectified. That it may not be forgotten until justice is obtained, it must be that there is a Witness, even though He be in the distant heaven where He is now inaccessible (xvi. 19). This thought also lies in his mind until, at the same time with the conviction that there is life after death, he arrives at the assurance that the Vindicator will come down from heaven and assert Job's innocence (xix. 25–27).

In regard to the subject discussed upon the ash-heap, Job's views had been like those of his Friends; bnt, conscious of his own integrity, he is confronted by facts in his experience that do not fit the theory. If God is just, how can He permit such calamities to come to an upright man? The arguments and accusations of the Friends only drive him to the opposite extreme, so that he declares the wicked are more likely to be prosperous than are the righteous. Why, then, should any man, why should he himself, cling to his integrity? The only answer is that integrity is to be prized above prosperity; and so, at the close of the debate, Job declares the new view to which he has been brought, — that righteousness and not happiness is that which all wise men will make their chief aim.

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Relief in a Redeemer (or, more properly, a Vindicator, since the question is not of redemption from sin) is reached by similar stages. Feeling the difficulty of getting his case before God for judgment, Job reverts that there is no one to act as Daysman (ix. 33). It cannot be, however, that the injustice done him will be left forever unrectified. That it may not be forgotten until justice is obtained, it must be that there is a Witness, even though He be in the distant heaven where He is now inaccessible (xvi. 19). This thought also lies in his mind until, at the same time with the conviction that there is life after death, he arrives at the assurance that the Vindicator will come down from heaven and assert Job's innocence (xix. 25–27).

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Most vividly has the writer portrayed the fearful conflict between Job's intellect and his heart. Though God seems to be oppressing him, his great fear is lest in some moment of weakness he may deny the word of God (vi. 10). At one moment he utters the most terrible accusations against his Maker (see especially x. 13), and at the next prays to Him as to One who will surely do what is right. Intellectually he is carried almost to atheism, or to what is worse than atheism,—belief in a cruel and unjust Ruler of the universe; but all the time his heart is clinging to God. His appeal is ever from God to God. He beseeches Him to be his advocate (xvi. 21); asks Him to be surety for Job with Himself (xvii. 3); and more or less clearly identifies his Witness and Vindicator with God (xvi. 19; xix. 25, 26).

If we were better acquainted with the author's times, perhaps we should find that the three Friends represented slightly varying schools of theology. They agreed, however, in holding that righteousness is rewarded with prosperity, while wickedness is sure to be followed by calamity. Job was not prosperous and so, according to their logic, he could not be righteous; his afflictions were great, hence he must have committed some correspondingly heinous sin. They would ask with Satan, "Doth Job fear God for nought?" but their doubt was concerning the first part of the question, for they could not believe that a man who failed to receive the reward of piety was upright; while Satan, who had better opportunities for watching Job and knowing his integrity, asked if his motives were not selfish.

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While the three Friends held essentially the same views, they represented different classes of minds. Eliphaz was a

philosopher who thought for himself, and also something of a mystic who believed that he had received special enlightenment from supernatural sources. Bildad was a traditionalist who relied chiefly on what he had heard from others and what had been taught by the fathers. Zophar was a blunt man who prided himself on taking a common-sense view of things and then saying just what he thought. He soon made up his mind that Job must have committed those sins to which men in his position were prone; and he was greatly shocked at what he regarded as heretical and blasphemous utterances. At first, all three of the Friends were moved by only the kindliest feelings. Though forced to the sad belief that Job was guilty, they urged him to recover God's favor by repentance. Gradually they were carried away by the heat of argument until kindly expostulation gave way to indignant condemnation.

Many scholars regard the speeches of Elihu as additions by a later writer. The question, so far as it is one of technical criticism, need not concern us here, sorry as we should be to think the poem was ever without what adds so much to its vigor, beauty, and interest. Prof. Genung has well said: "If the discourses of Elihu form no part of the original poem, but were added, as the critics assert nowadays, by a subsequent editor, then all I have to say is, I prefer to study the poem in its latest edition. From the point of view here taken, the writer who added such a finishing touch as this was a master in his art, one who could be fully trusted to compose the whole poem, as indeed I am willing to believe he did."

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Elihu was a young man with a bran-new theology. In his youthful enthusiasm he believed that it removed all difficulties

and was to be "the theology of the future." At first it might seem as though his views were identical with those of the three Friends; but closer examination shows that they regarded suffering as primarily punitive, while Elihu considered that its chief purpose is for chastening. In his view, if man yields to the purifying influence, prosperity will be restored; otherwise the suffering becomes punitive.

Though Elihu started out with great self-assurance, he loses it in the awe inspired by the storm and whirlwind that accompany the divine appearing. He stammers, becomes inconsistent, and when the Almighty appears in the glory of the Shekinah, acknowledges his presumption in having ventured to become spokesman for God. The first two lines of the Lord's address refer to Elihu. To make them refer to Job is contrary to the commendation given to the latter (xlii. 7, 8). Since Job had spoken, Elihu's speeches had been made and the minds of the beholders had been filled with awe by great natural and supernatural phenomena which were still at their height. Such an indignant and emphatic protest must have been called out by words just spoken, and not by what had been said long before. Here, to be sure, we are brought again to the question whether the speeches of Elihu are later additions to the poem; but we now have an added reason for giving a negative answer. Most of the critics who reject the section in dispute suppose that it was added by some one whose dissatisfaction with the way the debate closed led him to put into Elihu's mouth his own solution of the problem. Such a writer, even if not bright enough to show by further interpolation that the inserted argument met divine approval, would not have been so stupid a blunderer as to put his views where the first words of the Lord would be their

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condemnation.

The classes of minds here portrayed are found in all ages. In ancient and modern discussions we often hear the words of persons who bear a close resemblance to the disputants upon the ash-heap. We might, after the fashion of playbills, write out casts of characters for the drama as it is played from time to time:—

JOB, a Man in theological perplexity,	—— ——
ELIPHAZ, a venerable Theologian and deep Thinker,	Prof. ——
BILDAD, a Traditionalist who relies on former teachers,	Rev. Dr. ——
ZOPHAR, a Heresy-hunter,	Rev. Dr. ——
ELIHU, a recent Graduate from a theological seminary, his head full of bran-new theories,	—— ——

By considering which of these parts we ourselves are most inclined to play, we may be able to find in the Book of Job warnings against the mistakes into which it is easy for us to fall.

So far as the problem of the suffering of the righteous is concerned, the book leaves the mystery unexplained. The address of the Lord gives no solution of the question that has been under discussion. Job, however, receives what is far better than a revelation of intellectual truth could ever be; for, after meeting God Himself, he is willing to leave everything in divine hands, being sure that God will do what is right. By his own communion with God he is enabled to lead his friends to share in the same. Though they and he may never agree in their theological opinions, they become one in heart. Religious experience puts an end to controversy, suspicion, and bitter words. Here, as in so many other points, the book has its lesson for men of all ages.

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THE BOOK OF JOB

PROLOGUE

There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil. And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters. His substance also was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses, and a very great household; so that this man was the greatest of all the children of the east. And his sons went and held a feast in the house of each one upon his day; * and they sent and called for their three sisters to eat and to drink with them. And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all: for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and renounced God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually.

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* Perhaps the birthdays were thus observed; but more probably one day of the week was assigned to each son, the constant succession of feasts being another indication of Job's prosperity.

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I.

Heaven. The angels assembled before JEHOVAH.

Enter SATAN.

Jehovah. Whence comest thou?

Satan. From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.

Jehovah. Hast thou considered My servant Job? for there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil.

Satan. Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast not Thou made an hedge about him and about all that he hath, on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth Thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will renounce Thee to Thy face.

Jehovah. Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. [*Exit Satan.*

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II.

JOB'S *house.* JOB *sits surrounded by all the magnificence belonging to the greatest of the eastern chiefs.*

Enter First Messenger who prostrates himself before JOB.

First Messenger. The oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them; and the Sabeans fell upon them, and took them away; yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

[*While he is speaking enter Second Messenger.*

Second Messenger. The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep, and the servants, and consumed them; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

[*While he is speaking enter Third Messenger.*

Third Messenger. The Chaldeans made three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have taken them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

[*While he is speaking enter Fourth Messenger.*

Fourth Messenger. Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house;* and, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men; and they are dead; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

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* As this calamity came at the commencement of a new round of festivities, it was just after atonement had been made for Job's children. Hence it could not be considered a punishment for their sins.

II.

Job's house. Job she surrounded by all the magnificence belonging to the greatest of the [illegible].

Enter a first Messenger who presents himself before JOB.

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III.

The garden connected with JOB'S *house.*

Enter JOB, *his garments rent, and his head shaven. He falls upon the ground.*

Job. Naked from out my mother's womb I came;
Naked shall I return.

[*After a pause he rises and says submissively.*

Jehovah gave; — Jehovah took away;
Jehovah's name be blessed.

IN ALL THIS JOB SINNED NOT, NOR CHARGED GOD WITH FOOLISHNESS.

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Satan. Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth Thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will renounce Thee to Thy face.

Jehovah. Behold, he is in thine hand; only spare his life.

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V.

A heap of ashes and rubbish outside the walls of the city. JOB, *a loathsome leper, sits groaning with pain. The pariah dogs come and lick his sores. Ragamuffins, whose fathers* JOB *in days of prosperity would have deemed unworthy to be admitted among the dogs that guarded his flocks, now deride his misfortunes. He takes up a fragment of pottery with which to scrape himself. Enter* JOB'S WIFE *bringing food; but she is careful not to go nearer than is necessary in order to place it in the dish before him.*

Wife. Dost thou still hold fast thine integrity? Renounce God and die.

Job. Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?

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VI.

Outside the walls of the city. Three venerable chiefs from distant tribes approach riding on camels. At first they do not recognize their friend in the leper sitting upon the dust-heap; but on drawing nearer they see who it is. Dismounting from the camels they utter shrieks of lamentation, rend their garments, and throw up handfuls of ashes so that the dust falls upon their heads. Seating themselves near JOB, *they remain for seven days and seven nights silent and sad witnesses of his suffering. During the discussion that follows,* ELIHU *and other by-standers listen to what is said.*

Job. Perish that day — the day when I was born,
The night that said, "A man-child is conceived."
That day — let it be darkness evermore,
Let God not look upon it from above,
And o'er it let the sun-light never shine.
Let darkness and death's shadow claim it for their own;
Let clouds upon it dwell,
And dread eclipses fill it with affright.
That night — let darkness take it for its own;
Let it receive no joy among the days,
Nor enter to the number of the months.
That night — a barren night may it become,
And let no joyful noise be heard therein;
Let it be cursed by those who curse the days,
By those whose skill can rouse leviathan.
Let all its twilight stars be dark,
And let it look for light but find it not,
Nor see the eyelids of the opening morn;

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Because it closed not up my mother's womb,
Nor hid the coming trouble from mine eyes.
Why died I not before I had my birth?
Why died I not as soon as I was born?
Why did the knees receive me at my birth?
Or why the breasts provide me nourishment?
For else had I lain down to be in peace;
I should have slept and should have been at rest
With kings and with the counselors of earth
Who had prepared their moldering monuments;
With princes who had treasured gold,
And filled their palaces with silver store;
Or, like one born before his time, had never lived,
As infants that have never seen the light.
'Tis there that wicked men their troubling cease.
And there that weary ones may quietly rest;
The prisoners there together are at ease,
They hear no more the driver's cruel voice.
The small and great are equal there;
The servant's from his master freed.
Oh, why does God give light to wretched ones;
And why give life to those embittered souls
Who long for death and yet it cometh not,
Who search for it as those who treasures seek,
And who, rejoicing with exceeding joy,
Are filled with gladness when they find the grave?
Why gives God light to one whose way is hid,
To one whom He hath hedged around?
For now instead of food my sighing comes,
And pouring out like water come my groans.

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There comes to me the very thing I feared;
Yea, what I dreaded has befallen me.
I was not heedless, nor was I at ease;
I took not rest, — and yet the trouble came. *

Eliphaz. A word, should one assay, wilt thou be grieved?
But who is able to refrain from speech?
Lo, many hast thou taught,
And unto feeble hands hast given strength;
Thy words have holden him about to fall,
And thou hast oft confirmed the sinking knees;
But now it comes to thee, and thou art faint;
It toucheth thee, and thou art all dismay.
Is not thy fear of God thy confidence?
Is not thy hope the rightness of thy ways?
Bethink thee now; who ever perished being innocent?
And when were ever righteous men cut off?
As I have seen, the ones who evil plow
And mischief sow, they also reap the same.
They perish by the breath of God,
And by His anger's blast are they consumed.
The lion's roar, the raging lion's voice,
And teeth of strong young lions are subdued.
Old lions perish for the lack of prey;
The she-lion's whelps are scattered far and wide.
A word in secret has been borne to me;
Mine ear the whispered message has received.
In wandering thoughts, from visions of the night,

* Job's fear had been lest in some way he should incur God's displeasure. He had spared no pains to avoid this. See i. 5.

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Bethink thee now; who ever perished being innocent?
And when were ever righteous men cut off?
As I have seen, the once who evil plow
And mischief sow, they also reap the same.
They perish by the breath of God,
And by His anger's blast are they consumed.
The lion's roar, the raging lion's voice,
And teeth of strong young lions are subdued.
Old lions perish for the lack of prey;
The she-lion's whelps are scattered far and wide.
A word in secret has been borne to me;
Mine ear the whispered message has received.
In wandering thoughts, from visions of the night,

* Job's fear had been lest in some way he should incur God's displeasure. He had spared no pains to avoid this. See i. 5.

When deepest sleep drops down on mortal men,
Fear fell upon me and a trembling came
Which caused my every bone to shake.
A spirit glided forth before my face;—
O'er all my flesh stood up the bristling hair;—
The specter paused, its shape I could not see:
An outline dimly formed before mine eyes.
Deep silence—then I heard a voice that said:
"Shall mortal man be juster than his God?
Shall man than his Creator be more pure?
In His own servants, lo, He puts no trust,
And e'en His angels are with folly charged;
How much more they that dwell in homes of clay,
Whose origin is in the lowly dust,
And who are crushed as is the fluttering moth.
Between the dawn and dusk are they destroyed;
They perish from the earth, and no one heeds.
Is not the tent-cord in them plucked away?
They die; yea, lacking wisdom, thus they die."
Call now; will any answer thee?
To whom among the holy wilt thou turn?
Vexation kills the foolish man,
And jealousy the silly man destroys.
Oft have I seen the foolish taking root,
But straightway on his dwelling breathed a curse:—
"His children shall from succor be removed;
They're trampled in the gate, no helper near;
His harvest shall the hungry ones devour,
Who glean out even what's among the thorns;
And for his substance waits a yawning snare."

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They're trampled in the gate, no helper near;
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Who glean out even what's among the thorns;
And for his substance waits a gaping snare."

Not from the dust do man's afflictions come,
Nor is it from the ground that trouble springs;
For man's to trouble born,
E'en as the sons of flame all upward fly.
But, were it I, from God I'd seek my help,
And unto God would I commit my cause.
He worketh wonders past all finding out,
The marvels wrought by Him are numberless.
He giveth rain upon the earth;
He sendeth waters down upon the fields;
The lowly ones He setteth up on high;
And those that mourn, to safety He exalts.
The schemes of crafty men He turns to nought,
And thus their hands can nothing bring to pass.
In their own craftiness He takes the shrewd,
While froward counsel rushes on to ruin.
They meet with darkness ere the day has gone,
At highest noontide grope they as at night.
When cometh from their mouth a sword, God saves
And rescues from their hands the needy ones.
Thus e'en the poor have hope;
Iniquity in silence stops her mouth.

Lo, happy is the man whom God corrects.
Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord;
For, though He maketh sore, He bindeth up;
He woundeth, and His hands make whole again.
In troubles six shall He deliver thee;
Yea, and in seven shalt thou be unharmed.
In famine He shall rescue thee from death,
In war deliver thee from threatening sword.

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In war deliver thee from threatening sword.

Thou shalt be hid away from scourge of tongue,
And when destruction comes thou shalt not fear.
At ruin and at famine shalt thou laugh;
Of forest beasts thou shalt not be afraid;
The very stones shall form with thee a league,
And all the beasts shall be at peace with thee.
Then shalt thou know that all thy tent is peace,
Thy folds inspect and find that naught is gone.
Then shalt thou know that great shall be thy seed,
Thine offspring as the grass upon the earth;
In ripe old age shalt come unto thy grave,
E'en as a sheaf in its due season reaped.

Lo, this; we've searched and know that so it is;
Hear it, and know 'tis for thy good I speak.

Job. Oh, that my anger were but weighed,
And with it in the balance poised my pain!
For heavier than the sea-sands would it be;
And hence the words that I so wildly spoke.
Th' Almighty's arrows are within my ileah;
My spirit drinks the poison of their barbs;
God's terrors stand arrayed against my soul.

Bravyeth the ass when he has grass to eat?
Or lows the ox with fodder in his crib?*
Can one eat tasteless and unsalted food?
Or is there savor in the white of egg?
[Your words are such;] my soul will none of them;
They are as loathsome food.

---

* Job would not have complained without reason.

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* *Job would not* have complained without reason.

Oh! for the thing I wish!
Would God would grant me that for which I long!
Would that it pleased Him now to crush me down;
That He would loose His hand and cut me off!
Then should I have one comfort left me still,
(Yea, would exult in pain that spared me not,)
That I the words of God have not denied. *

What is my strength that I should still endure?
And what my end that I should patient be?
My strength, is it the strength of stones?
Or is my flesh of brass?
Is not the help within me wholly gone,
And all sound wisdom driven from my soul?

To him about to faint his friend should kindness show,
Yea, e'en to one who's losing faith in God.
My brethren are deceitful like the brook,
Or like the *wady* streams that pass away.
By reason of the ice they darkly swell,
Within their bosoms snow-flakes hide themselves.
When they wax warm, they vanish from our sight,
And in the heat are from their place consumed.
The caravans divert towards them their way;
Into the desert's waste they go and perish there. †
The caravans of Tema look for them,
The companies of Sheba hope in vain;
Ashamed are they because they had such trust;
They reach the spot and halt there in dismay.

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* Job fears lest in some hour of physical weakness he may deny God.

† It is doubtful whether this is said of the streams or of the caravans.

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Like those deceitful brooks have ye become;
A frightful sight ye see, and terror fills your souls.
Said I, "I'ray, give to me"?
Or, "Of your substance grant to me a gift"?
Or, "From my foeman's hand, pray, rescue me"?
Or, "Ransom me from out th'oppressor's hand"? *
Teach me, that I may hold my peace;
And make me understand wherein I've erred.
How forcible are words of righteousness;
But your reproving, what doth it reprove?
At words would ye direct your censuring?
The words of a despairing man are but as wind.
Lots would ye cast upon the fatherless,
And traffic make of one who was your friend.
[The Friends, vexed at the reproof, rise and consult together.
Now, then, be pleased to look again this way;
I will not speak before you what is false.
[The Friends are turning to go away.
Come back, I pray, let there be naught unfair.
Yea, do come back; my cause is surely just.
Is there unfairness in my tongue?
Cannot my taste discern what'er is wrong?
[The Friends sit down again.
Is not man's life a time of servile tasks?
His days, are they not like an hireling's days?
So, as a servant panteth for the shade,
And as an hireling waiteth for his wage,

* Job sought only sympathy, which it would cost them nothing to give. He had not asked them to help make good his losses or to endanger their lives by fighting against the Sabeans and Chaldeans.

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Am I made heir to months of vanity,
And weary nights have been allotted me.
When I lie down I say,
"How long till I arise?" The night is long to me,
And I am full of tossings till the dawn.
My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust,
My skin heals o'er, then breaketh out afresh.
My days are swifter than a weaver's dart,
And all their hours are spent in hopelessness.
Remember, Thou, my life is but a breath;
Mine eye shall ne'er again see any good.
The eye that sees me now shall see no more;
Thine eyes shall seek me, but I shall not be.
As fades a cloud and vanishes away,
So he that goes to Sheol comes not back.
He ne'er returns to his old home again,
The place that knew him once shall know no more.
I'll put no more restraint upon my mouth;
In anguish of my spirit will I speak;
In bitterness of soul will I complain.
Am I a sea, or monster of the deep,
That over me Thou needst must keep a watch?
Whene'er I say, "My bed shall comfort me,
My couch shall give some respite to my pain,"
'Tis then Thou scarest me with horrid dreams,
And sendest visions to affrighten me;
So that my soul would rather strangling choose,
Or speedy death, instead of these my bones.
I loathe my life; I would not always live;
Oh, let me then alone, my days are but a breath.

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What, then, is man that Thou shouldst magnify,
And that on him Thou thus shouldst set Thine heart?
That every morning Thou shouldst visit him,
And every moment put him to the test?*
How long wilt Thou not look away from me;
Nor, while I take one swallow, leave me to myself?
If I have sinned, what do I unto Thee,
O Thou that watchest men?
Why hast Thou set me as Thy target here,
And made me be a burden to myself?
Why not forgive and take away my sin?
For soon shall I be lying in the dust,
And Thou shalt seek me, but I shall not be.

Bildad. How long wilt thou be saying things like these?
How long thy words be like a mighty wind?
Doth God pervert the right?
The Mighty One from justice ever swerve?
Although thy children have against Him sinned,
And He delivered them to their own wicked deeds;
Yet, if thou wouldst in earnest turn to God,
And make thy plea to the Almighty One;
If thou thyself art pure and innocent;
He surely will awake in thy behalf,
And will restore thy home of righteousness.
Though thy beginnings might be very small,
Thy latter end should see a great increase.
Inquire, I pray, from men of former times;
Give heed to what their fathers have searched out;

* A "bitter parody" on Ps. viii. 4.

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(For we are but of yesterday and nothing know,
Since but a shadow are our days on earth;)
Will they not teach thee and instruction give,
And utter proverbs from their inmost hearts?
"Can the papyrus grow unless there's mire?
Without the water can the sedge-grass thrive?
While yet in greenness and its stalk uncut,
It withereth down before all other herbs.
Such are the paths of all who God forget;
Thus perishes the hope of every godless man.
Asunder breaks his confidence,
His trust is but a spider's web.
He leans upon his house, — it shall not stand;
He holdeth fast thereby, — 'twill not endure.
His leaf is green so long as sunshine lasts,
O'er all the garden spread abroad his shoots;
His roots entwine themselves about the mound,
He looketh down upon his house of stones;
But when destroyed from out the place he held,
It then denies him, 'Thee I never saw.'
Lo, such as this the gladness of his way,
And from the dust shall others like him spring."

God will not cast away a perfect man,
Nor yet uphold the ones who evil do.
When He with laughter fills thy mouth again,
And to thy lips restores a song of joy;
Then they that hate thee shall be clothed with shame,
The tents of wicked men shall be no more.

Job. I know indeed that all these things are so;

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Job. I know indeed that all these things are so;

But how can mortal man be just with God?
The man who ventured to contend with Him,
Among a thousand charges could not answer one.
For God is wise in heart, of mighty strength;
Who e'er defied Him with impunity?
He moveth mountains ere they are aware,
And overturns them in His furious wrath.
He shakes the earth from out its established place,
And all the pillars tremble at the shock.
He ordereth the sun, — it shineth not;
He setteth on the stars a seal.
'Tis He alone who stretches out the skies,
He treadeth on the billows of the sea;
He made the Bear, Orion, Pleiades,
And all the secret chambers of the south.
He doeth wonders past our finding out,
Yea, marvels more than any man can count.
Behold, He goeth by, — I see Him not;
He sweepeth past, but I perceive Him not.
He seizes what He likes, — who can restrain?
Or who shall say to him, "What doest Thou?"
God will not turn *away* the anger that He feels;
Proud Rahab's helpers must submit to Him;
Then how much less can I to Him reply,
And choose fit words with which to plead with Him.
Though innocent, I could no answer give,
But only plead for mercy from my Judge.
Were I to call and He to answer me,
I could not think He hearkened to my voice, —
He who o'erwhelms me with a mighty storm,

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And multiplies my wounds without a cause;
Who will not suffer me to catch my breath,
But filleth up my life with bitterness.
Speak I of battle's wage? "Lo, here!" He cries;
Of judgment? "Who will set for Me a day?"
Though righteous, mine own mouth would show me wrong;
Though perfect, it would prove me all perverse.*
Perfect I am! I care not for myself!
My very life I hold in no esteem.
All one it is — and therefore do I say,
The guilty and the guiltless He alike destroys.
When comes the scourge that slays so suddenly,
He mocketh at the trial of the just.
The earth is given o'er to wicked men;
The faces of its judges hath He veiled.
If 'tis not He, then tell me who it is!
My days are swifter than a courier's course;
They flee away, they see not any good.
Like skiffs of reed they swiftly glide along,
Or like the eagle swooping on its prey.
Whene'er I say, "My mourning I'll forget,
Will change my aspect, and will cheerful be;"
Then with a shudder I recall my woes,
And know Thou wilt not hold me innocent.
So, since my condemnation is assured,
Why do I longer labor on in vain?

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* The Almighty would not fear trial by combat; no one has authority to summon Him to court. Even if He came, Job would be so overawed by God's majesty that he could not plead aright.

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If I should wash myself with snow,
And cleanse my hands with lye;
Yet wouldst Thou plunge me back into the ditch,
And e'en my garments would abhor my touch.
God is no man like me that I should answer Him,
Or that together we should come for trial.
No daysman is there now 'twixt Him and me,
No one to lay his hand upon us both.
Oh, let God take His rod away from me;
Let not His terror make me thus afraid.
Then would I speak, and have no dread of Him;
For in myself I know no cause for fear.*
My soul is weary of my life;
To my complaint I'll give the freest course,
And speak my mind in bitterness of soul.
To God I'll say, Do not condemn me thus,
But let me know why Thou dost strive with me.
Is it becoming that Thou shouldst oppress,
That Thou shouldst thus despise Thy handiwork,
And on the counsel of the wicked shine?
Hast Thou but eyes of flesh,
Or seest Thou but as a man doth see?
Thy days, are they as days of men,
Thy years but as his days,
That thus Thou searchest mine iniquity
And makest inquisition for my sin;
Although Thou knowest I am free from guilt,
And that no one can rescue from Thy hand?

* Being conscious of no guilt.

If I should wash myself with snow,
And cleanse my hands with lye;
Yet wouldst Thou plunge me back into the ditch,
And e'en my garments would abhor my touch.

God is no man like me that I should answer Him,
Or that together we should come for trial.
No daysman is there now 'twixt Him and me,
No one to lay his hand upon us both.

Oh, let God take His rod away from me;
Let not His terror make me thus afraid.
Then would I speak, and have no dread of Him;
For in myself I know no cause for fear.*

My soul is weary of my life;
To my complaint I'll give the freest course,
And speak my mind in bitterness of soul.
To God I'll say, Do not condemn me thus,
But let me know why Thou dost strive with me.
Is it becoming that Thou shouldst oppress,
That Thou shouldst thus despise Thy handiwork,
And on the counsel of the wicked shine?
Hast Thou but eyes of flesh,
Or seest Thou but as a man doth see?
Thy days, are they as days of men,
Thy years but as his days,
That thus Thou searchest mine iniquity
And makest inquisition for my sin;
Although Thou knowest I am free from guilt,
And that no one can rescue from Thy hand?

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* Being conscious of no guilt.

It was Thy hands that framed and fashioned me
Together round about, and yet Thou wouldst destroy!
Remember Thou hast molded me like clay;
And wilt Thou turn me back to dust again?
As flowing milk hast Thou not poured me out,
And curdled me like cheese?
With skin and flesh Thou hast enwrapped my frame,
With bones and sinews binding all in one.
With life and blessing Thou hast favored me,
Thy visitation hath preserved my breath.
But Thou wast hiding in Thy heart these things;
I know that from the first Thou hadst this plan.
So, should I sin, thine eye was marking me,
And Thou wouldst not acquit me from my guilt.
If I were wicked, then — alas for me!
If righteous, still I could not lift my head,
Filled full of shame and conscious of my grief.
If it should lift itself, Thou hunt'st me as a lion,
And show'st Thyself again in wondrous ways.
Against me Thou renewest witnesses;
Upon me Thou dost multiply Thy wrath,
With changing host on host attacking me.
Why hast Thou brought me from the womb?
Would I had died while yet unseen by men!
I should have been as though I'd never been,
And from the womb been carried to the grave.
My days, are they not few? Oh, then, forbear;
Leave me alone to have a moment's peace
Before I go whence I shall not return,
To land of darkness and of death's grim shade,

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Before I go whence I shall not return,
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Land of thick darkness and of blackest night,
Land of death's shadow where disorder reigns,
The land whose very light is darkest gloom.

Zophar. Should such a flood of words be left without reply?
Should one so full of talk be justified?
Thy boastings, should they silence other men?
Shall Thou mock on, and no one cause thee shame?
Thou aidest to God, "Pure are the things I teach;
I'm guiltless in Thy sight."
But oh, that God would speak,
That He for thy reproof would ope His lips,
And wisdom's secrets manifest to thee;
For there is fold on fold to truth.
Know well that God is now exacting less
Than is the due of thine iniquity.
Canst thou by searching find the depths of God?
Explore to perfectness the Mighty One?
High as the heavens' heights, — what canst thou do?
Deeper than Sheol's depths, — what canst thou know?
Far longer is its measure than the earth,
And broader than the sea.
If He pass by, arrest, and hold assize,
What man will venture to oppose His acts?
For well He knows the men of vanity;
And, though He seems indifferent, marks their guilt.
Alas, the witless never will be wise
Till the wild ass's foal be born a man;*

* That is, never.

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* That is, never.

And yet, if thou wilt set thine heart aright,
And stretch out suppliant hands to God on high,
Wilt put away what sin is in thy hand,
And let no wrong abide within thy tents;
Thou then shalt surely lift a spotless face,
Yea, thou shalt steadfast stand with naught to fear.
Thou shalt forget thy present misery,
Or think of it as waters that flowed by.
Clearer than noonday shall thy life become;
Though there be darkness, it shall change to morn;
And thou shalt be secure because of hope;
Shalt look around, and then securely rest.
Thou shalt lie down and none shall make afraid,
Yea, many men shall make their suit to thee.
But eyes of wicked men shall waste away,
And they shall have no road by which to flee;
They have no hope but giving up their lives.

Job. Ye are the people! there's no doubt of that!
With you shall wisdom die!
But I have understanding as do you;
I'm not a whit inferior to you.
Who is there knoweth not such things as these?
I have become a laughing-stock to men,
I, who erst called on God and answer gained;
The just and perfect man — a laughing-stock!
A man at ease may have contempt for woe;
It waiteth him whose tottering foot shall slip.
The tents of robbers are at peace;
And those who anger God still dwell secure,

And yet, if thou wilt set thine heart aright,
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The tents of robbers are at peace;
And those who anger God still dwell secure,

Those men *whose god** is carried in their hands.
Inquire of beasts, and they'll instruction give;
Of flying birds, and they *will* make it known;
Or ask the earth, and it will answer make;
The fishes of the sea declare the same.
Who knoweth not by every one of these,
It is Jehovah's hand that doeth this?
The life of all that live is in His hand,
And breath of all the race of mortal men.
Doth not the ear try words,
Even as the palate tests the taste of food?
Doth wisdom always dwell with aged men,
And understanding come with length of days?
Wisdom and might are attributes of God,
Counsel and understanding both are His.
Behold, He breaketh down, and none again can build
He shutteth up a man and there's no opening.
The waters He restrains, the streams grow dry;
He sends them forth, they overwhelm the earth.
With Him is strength, and wisdom is with Him;
Both the deceiving and deceived are His.
He captive leads the counselors away,
And judges He makes fools.
He breaks the bonds of kings,
And binds their loins *with* cords.
The priests, as captured slaves, He leads away,
The mighty ones are overthrown by Him.
The speech of trusted ones He brings to naught,
And takes away the judgment of the old.

* That is the sword in which they trust for protection.

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* *That is, the sword* in which they trust for protection.

Upon the princes pours He out contempt,
The girdles of the strong are loosed by Him.
From out of darkness He reveals deep things,
And death's black shadow brings He to the light.
He makes the nations great, and then destroys;
He spreads them out, and draws them back again.
He takes the hearts from chieftains of the land,
He makes them wander in a pathless waste;
They grope in darkness where no light appears,
He makes them reel about like drunken men.

Behold, all this mine eye hath seen,
Mine ear hath heard and understood it well.
The things ye know, the same I also know,
I'm not a whit inferior to you.

The Mighty One it is to whom I'd speak;
I long to bring my plea before my God.
But ye, — forgers of lies are ye;
Physicians of no value are ye all.
Oh, that ye would entirely hold your peace;
Such silence would your highest wisdom be.

Now hear ye my defence,
And listen to the pleadings of my lips.
Will ye in God's behalf say what is wrong?
Will ye for God speak lies?
And do ye think His person to respect,*
And thus contend for God?
Would it be well if He should search you out?
Or, as man mocketh man, will ye mock Him?

* That is, will ye be partial to His side of the controversy?

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* That is, will ye be partial to His side of the controversy?

He surely will reprove you for the wrong,
If thus in secret partially ye deal.
Shall not his majesty arouse your fear,
His dread upon you fall?
Proverbs of ashes are your maxims wise,
Your bulwarks are but bulwarks built of clay.
[They are about to interrupt him.
Be silent; let me be that I may speak;
And let come on me whatsoever will.
Here now I take my flesh between my teeth;
My very life, I take it in my hand.
Lo, He may slay me;—I have ceased to hope—
Yet still will I defend my way before His face.
This very course shall my salvation be;
No hypocrite can to His presence come.
Hear carefully my speech,
Receive my declaration in your ears;
Lo, now in order have I set my cause,
I'm positive I shall be justified.
Where is there one that will contend with me?—
I then would hold my peace and give up life.
Two things* alone do not Thou unto me;
Then from Thy face I will not hide away.
Far off withdraw from me Thine heavy hand,
Nor let Thy terror fill me with alarm;
Then do Thou call, and I will make reply;
Or let me speak, and Thou the answer give.
How many are my sins and trespasses?

* The two things are those implied in the next two lines. Compare ix. 34.

He surely will reprove you for the wrong,
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How many are my sins and trespasses?

* The two things are those implied in the next two lines. Compare ix. 34.

Mine errors and transgressions show to me.
Why hidest Thou Thy face?
Why hold me as Thine enemy?
Wilt Thou affright a driven leaf?
The withered chaff pursue?
For bitter things against me dost Thou write,
And makest me inherit sins of youth.
My feet Thou puttest in the stocks,
Thou watchest all my ways;
A line Thou drawest round my feet,
Round one who like a rotten thing consumes away
As doth a garment eaten by the moth.
Man, — from a woman born —
His days are few, and all with trouble filled.
He buddeth like a flower; then withereth down;
He fleeth as a shadow, staying not.
On such a being openest Thou Thine eyes,
And bringest me to judgment with Thyself?
Oh, that the clean could from the unclean come!
But such a thing can never be.
If all man's days have been decreed,
And fixed by Thee the number of his months;
If Thou hast marked the bounds he cannot pass;
Then turn Thy gaze from him, and let him rest
Till, like a hireling, he shall close the day.
For when a tree is leveled to the ground,
There still is hope that it may sprout again,
And that its tender suckers shall not fail.
The root thereof may molder in the earth,
The stump thereof may die within the ground;

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And yet at scent of *water* will it bud,
And put forth branches as a living plant.
But mortal man, — he dies and wastes away,
He giveth up the ghost; where is he then?
As waters fail from out a lake,
And as a river wastes and vanishes;
So man lie down and rise not again,
And while the heavens last he'll not awake,*
Nor be aroused from out his slumbers deep.
Oh that in Sheol Thou wouldst lay me by,
Wouldst there conceal me till Thy wrath be o'er,
Wouldst set a time and then remember me.
If man once dies, can he return to life?
Then all the days of that hard term I'd wait,
Until the time for my reviving came.
Then Thou wouldst call, and I would answer Thee;
For Thou wouldst yearn to see Thine handiwork again.
But now Thou notest every step I take;
Art Thou not watching sharp to see my sin?
My trespasses are sealed within a bag,
Thou sewest up thereby my every fault.†
The falling mountain slowly wastes away,
The rocks from out their former place remove,
The water slowly wears away the stones,
The floodes wash away the dust;‡
Just so dost Thou destroy the hope of man

* He will never return to consciousness. The destruction of the heavens would include the annihilation of everything.

† So that no proof remains to be lost.

‡ The gradual process by which the mountains are worn away and the dust swept away to sea never to return.

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The freshets wash away the dust; ‡
Just so dost Thou destroy the hope of man

* He will never return to consciousness. The destruction of the heavens would include the annihilation of everything.

† So that no proof against Job should be lost.

‡ The gradual process by which the mountains are worn away and the dust swept away to sea, never to return.

Thou overpowerest him; he passes hence;
Thou sendest him away with altered face.
His sons are honored, and he knows it not;
Brought low are they, and yet he doth not see.
'Tis only pain in his own flesh he feels,
And for himself alone the soul within him mourns. *

Eliphaz. With windy lore should one who's wise reply,
And fill his belly with tempestuous wind; †
Reasoning with words that no advantage bring,
And making speeches that can do no good?
For thou art putting off all fear of God,
Devotion due to Him dost thou restrain.
'Tis thine iniquity instructs thy mouth,
Thou choosest now to speak with crafty tongue.
I judge thee not; 'tis thine own mouth condemns;
Yea, thine own lips bear witness of thy guilt.
Art thou the first of men that e'er was born?
Before the hills were made, wast thou brought forth?
When God held council didst thou overhear,
And keep the knowledge to thyself alone?
What knowest thou but what we also know?
What understandest thou that's not in us?
With us are hoary heads and aged men
More full of days than thine own father is.

---

* It is no answer to the difficulty to say that the children of the upright will prosper. The dead man will know nothing of this. Rewards and punishments should come before death.

† Should I, a wise man from Teman, indulge like Job in bluster and foolish talk?

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God's comforting, are they too small for thee?
Too small the gentle words we speak to thee?
Why doth thy heart thus carry thee away;
What makes thine eyes to quiver as they do;
That thou shouldst turn thy spirit 'gainst our God,
And scatter from thy mouth such reckless words?
What then is mortal man that he be pure;
The woman-born, that he should righteous be?
God puts no trust in His own holy ones,
Nor are the heavens spotless in His sight;
How much less one who's loathsome and corrupt,
Man who as water drinketh wickedness.
Now, then, I'll show thee; listen to my words;
What I have seen, the same will I declare;
The things that sages told and did not hide,
But handed down the truths their fathers taught,
Those men to whom alone the land was given,
And to whose midst no foreigners had come:* —
"With pain the wicked travails all his days,
Through all the years to strong oppressors given.
A sound of terrors ever fills his ears,
In his most prosperous hour the spoiler comes,
He does not hope from darkness to return,
Th'avenging sword awaits his coming steps.†
He wanders seeking bread; 'Where is there some?'
He knows the day of darkness draweth near,

* Uncorrupted by foreign views, they retained the pure doctrines as expressed in the following maxims.

† He knows that if he goes out at night he is in danger of being slain by those whom he has wronged.

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* Uncorrupted by foreign views, they retained the pure doctrines as expressed in the following maxims.

† He knows that if he goes out at night he is in danger of being slain by those whom he has wronged.

Distress and anguish fill him with alarm
And overcome him like an armored chief.
For 'twas 'gainst God that he outstretched his hand,
He bade defiance to th'Almighty One;
He runs upon Him with a hardened neck,
And with the thick embossments of his shield.
With fatness hath he covered o'er his face,
And made the flesh lie thick about his loins.
His dwelling was in cities desolate,
In houses uninhabited
And doomed to be transformed to heaps of stone.
No wealth he gains, his substance shall not last,
Nor his possessions spread upon the earth.
No way to flee from darkness shall he find,
A scorching flame shall wither up his shoots;
By God's own breath shall he be blown away.
Deceived, let him not trust in vanity,
For vanity shall be his recompense.
Before 'tis due, in full shall he be paid;
His branch shall be no longer green.
He, like a vine, shall cast unripened fruit;
Or, like an olive, scatter off his flowers.
The household of the vile shall barren be,
And fires consume the tents of bribery.
Evil do they conceive, to sin give birth;
Deceit prepare they in their inward parts."

Job. Such things as these have I full many heard;
Wretched consolers are ye, every one.
Is there no end to all these windy words?

Distress and anguish fill him with alarm
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He bade defiance to th' Almighty One;
He runs upon Him with a hardened neck,
And with the thick embossments of his shield.
With fatness hath he covered o'er his face,
And made the flesh lie thick about his loins.
His dwelling was in cities desolate,
In houses uninhabited
And doomed to be transformed to heaps of stone.
No wealth he gains, his substance shall not last,
Nor his possessions spread upon the earth.
No way to flee from darkness shall he find,
A scorching flame shall wither up his shoots;
By God's own breath shall he be blown away.
Deceived, let him not trust in vanity,
For vanity shall be his recompense.
Before 'tis due, in full shall he be paid;
His branch shall be no longer green.
He, like a vine, shall cast unripened fruit;
Or, like an olive, scatter off his flowers.
The household of the vile shall barren be,
And fires consume the tents of bribery.
Evil do they conceive, to sin give birth;
Deceit prepare they in their inward parts."

16. Such things as these have I in many heard;
Wretched consolers are ye, every one.
Is there no end to all these windy words?

Or what provoketh thee to answer thus?
I too could speak in just the way ye do
Were your souls only put in place of mine;
Against you then could I compose my words,
I too in scorn could shake at you my head.
Thus would I strengthen you — with word of mouth;
And soothe your grief — with solace of my lips.
Although I speak, my grief is not assuaged;
Though I forbear, wherein do I gain ease?
But He hath worn me out with suffering;
My company Thou madest desolate.
My flesh Thou'st shriveled up — a sign of guilt;
My leanness as a witness rises up.
And to my face accuses me of sin.
In anger God hath torn and hated me,
And He hath gnashed upon me with His teeth;
My Foe against me sharpeneth His eyes.
They gape upon me with their mouths,
In scorn they smite my cheek;
They all combine to make assault on me.
God gives me over to ungodly men,
He casts me into hands of wicked ones.
I was at ease, — and He hath shattered me,
Hath seized me by the neck and dashed me down,
Then set me up to be His target here.
His archers compass me about;
My reins He cleaveth, and He doth not spare;
He poureth out my gall upon the ground;
He breaketh me with breach on breach;
He runneth on me like a man of war.

Sackcloth I've sewed upon my skin,
My horn defiled with dust;
My face is foul with tears,
And on mine eyelids rests the shade of death;
Although no violence is in my hands,
And though my prayer is pure.
Hide not my blood, O earth,
Nor let my cry find any resting-place.*
Even now, behold, in heaven my Witness stands;
On high is He who'll my Attestor be.
My friends may look on me with scornful face,
But unto God my eye out-poureth tears
That He Himself would plead for man with God,
As doth a man that for his neighbor pleads.
For when a few more years have passed away,
I shall have gone whence I shall not return,
My breath is spent, my days extinct;
The grave is waiting my approach.
Around me many mockers stand,
Mine eyes behold their taunting deeds.
Give pledge; be Thou my surety with Thyself.
Who else will strike their hands with me?
From knowledge hast Thou hid their hearts,
And so Thou wilt not lift them up on high.
He who for booty shall his friends denounce,
The eyes of his own sons shall waste away.
The people's byword God hath made me be;
I am as one upon whose face they spit.

* Gen. iv. 10.

Dim too from sorrow have mine eyes become,
And all my members are as shadows thin.

The upright man shall be amazed at this,
The innocent be roused against the vile;
Yet shall the righteous hold upon his way,
The clean of hands waxes stronger than before.

Return ye, every one; yea, come ye on;
Among you all no wise one shall I find.

My days are past; my plans are broken off,
The very thoughts my heart had cherished most.

The darkness of the night they change to day;
The light, they say, is unto darkness near.

If I have hope, then Sheol is my house,
And in the darkness have I spread my couch.
"My father thou!" I to corruption said;
"My mother and my sister!" to the worm.
And where is now my hope?
Yea, who can see my hope?
Down towards the bars of Sheol it descends,
And we shall rest together in the dust.

Bildad. How long will ye lay snares for words?*
Consider well, and afterwards we'll speak.
Wherefore are we accounted as the brute?
Wherefore become we worthless in your sight?
O thou who in thine anger tear'st thyself,
For thy sake must the earth forsaken be,

* It is doubtful whether this is addressed to Job or, as the plural may show, to the Friends. If the latter, it shows dissatisfaction either with the weakness of the arguments used by the Friends or with their slowness in framing a reply to Job's last speech.

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The rock removed from out its resting-place?
The wicked man shall have his light put out,
And from his fire the flame no more shall shine.
The light within his tent shall darkened be,
The lamp that hangs above him goeth out.
His mighty strides shall be constrained,
And his own counsel cast him headlong down.
For his own feet shall cast him in a net,
Within the path he walks a pitfall lies,
A gin shall catch him by the heel,
A snare shall hold him fast,
A noose lies hidden for him in the ground,
And in his pathway is concealed a trap.
On every side shall terrors make him fear;
They dog his footsteps, chasing at his heels.
His strength, by hunger bitten, shall decrease,
Destruction ever waiteth at his side;
It shall devour the cross-bars of his skin;
Yea, Death's first-born * his members shall devour.
Torn from the tent in which his trust was placed,
He to the king of terrors shall be led.
Within his tent shall dwell what is not his,
And brimstone shall be scattered on his house.
From underneath, his roots shall dry away;
And overhead, his branches withered be.
Remembrance of him from the earth shall fade,

* That is, leprosy. Other parts of the description contain cruel references to Job's experiences; the death of children, the fire (brimstone) from heaven, the banishment from the city, etc.

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And he shall have no name in all the street.
From light to darkness they shall drive him forth,
And chase him from the world.
No child nor grandchild leaves he in his tribe,
And where he once abode no one remains.
Men from the west shall wonder at his day,
Men from the east regard it with affright.
Lo, such the dwellings of unrighteous men,
And this the place of him who knows not God.

Job. How long will ye annoy my soul,
And crush me with your words?
Ye have reproached me half a score of times;
Ye have no shame in dealing thus with me.
Even were it true that I had gone astray,
Mine error still remaineth with myself.
If still against me ye exalt yourselves
And urge against me my reproach;
Know, then, 'tis God hath overthrown me here,
'Tis God that hath around me thrown His net.
Behold, I cry out, "Wrong!" but am not heard;
I shout for help, but there is no redress.
For God hath fenced my way; I cannot pass;
He setteth darkness in the paths I tread.
He stripped from me the glory that was mine,
And from my head hath He torn off the crown.
He crusheth me on every side, and I am gone;
My hope hath He uprooted like a tree.
Against me hath He made His anger burn,
He counteth me to be His enemy.

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Against me hath He made His anger burn,
He counteth me to be His enemy.

Together come His troops,
Against me cast their way,
And camp around my tent.
My brethren hath He put away from me,
And they who knew me once are now estranged.
My kinsfolk stand aloof,
My old familiar friends forget me now.
The dwellers in my house, my maidens there,
All count me as a stranger to the place;
I have become an alien in their sight.
I call my servant; he no answer gives,
Though with my mouth I bid him hear my cry.
My breath has strange become to e'en my wife,
And to my offspring I'm a loathsome thing.
Yes, e'en these urchins here despise me now;
They jeer at me when I attempt to rise.
By all my inward friends am I abhorred,
Those whom I loved their faces turn away.
My bone is cleaving to my skin and flesh,
With only skin of teeth do I escape.
Have pity, oh, have pity; ye, my friends;
For 'tis the hand of God that toucheth me.
Why persecute ye me as God hath done,
And are not satiated with my flesh?
Oh, that my words were written down!
Oh, that they all were copied in a book!
Or with an iron pen and molten lead
Were graven for eternal record in the rock!
I know that my Redeemer lives;
That He will stand, survivor, o'er my dust;

Together come His troops,
Against me cast their way,
And camp around my tent.
My brethren hath He put away from me,
And they who knew me once are now estranged.
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And after that my [illegible] destroyed,
Yet, from my flesh,* I sure [illegible] shall see:
Shall see Him for myself;†
Mine eyes shall see Him [illegible]
For this my [illegible]

If then ye say, "[illegible] will [illegible],
The root of [illegible] is surely [illegible] in him;"‡
Beware the sword, [illegible] full of wrath,
That ye may know that judgment still [illegible].

Zophar. For this my thought [illegible] answer give to me,
And hence the [illegible] I feel.
I've heard reproof [illegible] me [illegible],
The spirit of my knowledge [illegible] reply.
Dost thou not know that from the time [illegible] old
Since Adam first was placed upon the earth,
The triumph of the wicked [illegible] short,
The sinner's joy will but [illegible] me?
Though up [illegible] his excellence,
And though [illegible] as the clouds;
He perishes [illegible] shamefully.
So they who [illegible] him [illegible] "Where [illegible] now?"
He flitteth like a [illegible] and [illegible] not [illegible],
He's chased away as vision of the night.

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* It is doubtful whether the meaning is [illegible] looking out from the flesh which he still [illegible] so apart from the flesh, as [illegible] more in accordance with the two [illegible].

† This may [illegible] shall see or [illegible] taking [illegible].

‡ That is, the cause of the calamities [illegible] own sin.

And after that my skin has been destroyed,
Yet, from my flesh, I surely God shall see;*
Shall see Him for myself;†
Mine eyes shall see Him, stranger then no more;
For this my heart within me pines away.

If then ye say, "We still will persecute,
The root of blame is surely found in him;" ‡
Beware the sword, its strokes are full of wrath,
That ye may know that judgment still exists.

Zophar. For this my thoughts an answer give to me,
And hence the reason for the haste I feel.
I've heard reproof that putteth me to shame,
The spirit of my knowledge gives reply.
Dost thou not know that from the times of old
Since Adam first was placed upon the earth,
The triumph of the wicked is but short,
The sinner's joy will but a moment last?
Though up to heaven mounts his excellence,
And though his head is lofty as the clouds;
He perishes forever, shamefully,
So they who saw him ask, "Where is he now?"
He flitteth like a dream and is not found,
He's chased away as visions of the night.

---

* It is doubtful whether the meaning is that looking out from the flesh which he still inhabits he shall see God, or whether he shall do so apart from the flesh, as a spirit freed from the body. The latter seems more in accordance with the two preceding lines.

† This may mean *I myself shall see*, or *I shall see Him taking my part.*

‡ That is, the cause of the calamities is Job's own sin.

The eye that saw him once shall see no more,
The place where he belonged no more beholds.
His sons shall seek the favor of the poor,
His hands return the wealth that he had gained;
And while his bones are filled with youthful strength,
Amid the dust shall it lie down with him.
Though wickedness while in his mouth is sweet,
Although he hides it underneath his tongue,
Long holds it back and will not let it go,
But in his mouth the morsel still retains;
Yet in his bowels it is wholly changed,
Becoming in him as the gall of asps.

He swallowed wealth, and wealth must he disgorge;
From out his belly God will cast it forth.
He sucked the poison of the asps;
The viper's tongue shall take away his life.
He ne'er shall look again on running brooks,
On flowing streams of honey and of cream.
That which he labored for shall he restore
Ere yet there's time to swallow down his gain;
Like borrowed wealth it has no joy for him;
Because he crushed and cast aside the poor,
And seized on houses that he did not build.
Because the cravings in him knew no rest,
He nothing saves of that which gives him joy.
Nothing was left that he did not devour,
And hence his fortune shall not long endure.
He shall be straitened e'en while full of wealth;
All kinds of trouble shall upon him come.
Be it the time to have his belly filled;

The eye that saw him once shall see no more,
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And hence his fortune shall not long endure.
He shall be straitened e'en while full of wealth;
All kinds of trouble shall upon him come.
Be it the time to have his belly filled;

Then God shall cast on him His fiery wrath,
And rain it down upon him with his food.
If from the iron spear he seeks to fly,
The bow of brass shall pierce him through and through.
He plucks the arrow out, — from his own flesh it comes;
The gleaming point comes dripping from his gall;
Fear falls upon his soul.
Darkness is gathered for the wealth he hid;
A fire not blown by man shall burn him up,
And feed on what is left within his tent.
His sins the heavens reveal,
Against him also shall the earth arise.
The increase of his house shall pass away,
Shall flow away in God's dread day of wrath.
Lo, such God's portion for the wicked man,
The heritage appointed by the Lord.

Job. Oh, listen to my words,
And let this be the comforting you give.
Permit me now and I again will speak;
And after I have spoken, then mock on.
Now, as for me, is my complaint of man?
And wherefore should I not impatient be?
Behold me, be amazed,
Lay hand upon your mouth.
Whene'er I think thereon I am disturbed,
And horror taketh hold on all my flesh.
Why do the wicked live?
Why grow they old, increasing in their strength?
Their seed is established round them in their sight,

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Why do the wicked live?
Why grow they old, increasing in their strength?
Their seed is stablished round them in their sight,

Their offspring flourishes before their eyes.
Their homes are safe from fear,
There rests not on them any scourge of God.
The issue from their herds is sure,
Their kine bring forth without mischance.
They send abroad like flocks their little ones,
Their children dance for joy.
They sing to tune of timbrel and of harp,
And in the melody of pipes rejoice.
They spend their days in midst of wealth,
Their passage to the grave is quickly o'er. *
And yet they say to God, "Depart from us,
For we desire no knowledge of Thy ways.
What is the Mighty One that we should serve?
And what's our profit though we pray to Him?"
Not in their hand is their prosperity;
The wicked's counsel, — be it far from me!
How oft goes out the lamp of wicked men; †
And comes upon them their calamity,
The sorrows God in His fierce anger sends?
How oft are they as straw before the wind,
Or like the chaff by tempest whirled away?
[Ye say,] "God for his children layeth up his crime;"
On *him* let God require it that he know;
Let his own eyes behold the ruin come,
And let him drink of the Almighty's wrath;
For what cares he for his posterity,
When short is cut the number of his months?

* Their death is not preceded by a long and painful illness.
† An implied denial of the assertion in xviii. 5.

Shall any one teach knowledge unto God,*
Since it is He who judgeth those on high?
One dieth in the fulness of his strength,
All quiet and at ease;
His loins are full of fat,
The marrow of his bones still moist;
Another dies in bitterness of soul,
And never tastes of good;
And yet alike they slumber in the dust,
The worms a covering spread o'er both alike.
Behold, I know your thoughts,
And your surmises wrongfully maintained.
Ye say, "Where's now the tyrant's house,
And where the tent in which the wicked dwelt?"
Have not ye heard the facts from traveled men,
And know ye not the tokens that they give; —
That in destruction's day the bad man's spared,
That in the day of wrath he's hid away?
Who shall declare his way before his face?
And who repay him for the ill he's done?
For he with pomp is carried to the grave,
And o'er his tomb a careful watch is kept.
The valley's clods lie sweetly over him,
And after him he draweth every man,
As they were numberless who went before.†
How then do ye console with empty words?
For in your answers only falsehood dwells.

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* The friends were doing this by declaring what God ought to

† He has many imitators, as there were before many like him.

Eliphaz. Can any man bring profit unto God?
The wise but benefits himself alone.
If thou art righteous is th'Almighty blessed?
Or are thy perfect ways a gain to Him?
Does He reprove thee for thy piety,
That unto judgment He hath come with thee?
Is it not rather that thy sins are great,
And thine iniquities without an end?
For nought hast thou thy brother's pledges held,
And stripped the naked of his covering.
To fainting ones no water didst thou give,
And from the hungry hast withholden bread.
[*Turning to the bystanders.*
The strong of arm! — the land was in his grasp;
The honored man! — he held it for his home.
[*Turning back to Job.*
The widows thou hast empty sent away,
And broken were the arms of orphaned ones.
For this it is that snares surround thee now,
For this that sudden fear confoundeth thee;
Hence comes the darkness, so thou canst not see,
And flood of waters that o'erwhelmeth thee.
Doth not God dwell in heaven's height above?
Behold the topmost stars, how high they are!
And so thou say'st; "What is there God can know?
Through all the gathered darkness can He judge?
Thick clouds so veil Him that He can not see;
Far off in heaven's distant vault He walks."
The old ways wilt thou keep,
That men of sin have trod?

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That men of sin have trod?

Who ere their time had come were snatched away,
Their firm foundation made a flowing stream:
The men who said to God, "Depart from us;"
And, "What can mighty God do unto us?"
[Then say'st] "He filled their houses with good;"
And then, "The wicked's counsel,—be it far from me!"
The righteous see it and are glad;
The innocent laugh out in scorn,
And say, "Our enemies are all destroyed,
And their abundance built the fire consumed."
Acquaint thyself with God and be at peace:
For good shall come to thee in doing so.
Receive, I pray, instruction from His mouth:
And treasure up His sayings in thy heart.
Return to God and then shalt be restored,
If from thy tent thou banishest the wrong.
Throw down thy gold upon the ground,
Thy treasure 'mid the pebbles of the brook;
The Almighty One thy treasure shall become,
And He thy precious silver from the mine.
In God omnipotent shalt thou rejoice,
And up to Him shalt lift thy countenance.
Then shalt thou pray to Him and He will hear,
And unto Him shalt thou perform thy vows.*
The thing thou purposest shall come to pass,
And over all thy ways the light shall shine.
Thou'lt say to those cast down, "Arise,
For He the humble one will save."

* That is, God will answer your prayer, and hence the vows by which they were accompanied will become due.

God will deliver even guilty ones,
Who shall be saved through cleanness of thy hands.

Job. Rebellious, e'en to-day, is my complaint;
The hand upon me heavier than my groans.
Oh, that I knew where I might find Him now!
That to His judgment-seat I might approach!
Before Him I would order all my cause,
And I would fill my mouth with arguments;
Would know the words that He would answer me,
And understand what He would say to me.
Would He oppose me with His mighty strength?
Nay, He would surely give me heed.
The righteous man might there appeal to Him;
I thus should find deliverance from my Judge.
Eastward I go; but lo, He is not there;
Westward I turn, and yet perceive Him not;
Northward to where He works, — I look in vain;
He hideth in the South, — I see Him not.
And yet He knoweth all the way I take;
When He hath tried me I shall be as gold.
My foot hath steadfast followed in His steps,
His way I kept and never turned aside.
I have not shunned the precept of His lips,
More than all else I've treasured up His words.
But He abides the same; who turneth Him?
Yea, what His soul desireth, that He does.
The thing ordained will He perform for me,
And many more such things hath He decreed.
Therefore it is I tremble in His sight;

When I consider Him I am afraid;
For it is God who made my heart to faint,
The Almighty One it is who troubleth me.
Not by the darkness am I thus dismayed,
Nor by thick darkness that ensharouds my face.

Why are not judgment-times decreed by God?
Why do not they who know Him see His days?*
Some men there are who landmarks change;
They seize and pasture flocks;
The orphan's ass they drive away;
They take the widow's ox as pledge;
They thrust the needy from their path;
And so the poor must hide themselves away.

See those poor men! Like asses of the plain
They early go to work in search for food;
The desert for their children yielded bread.
Each one cuts down his fodder in the field,
And gleans the vintage of the wicked men.
For want of clothes they naked lie all night;
And have no covering from the piercing cold.
Wet through with showers that on the mountain fall,
For want of shelter they embrace the rock.

Some men will pluck the orphan from the breast,
And take as pledge the garment of the poor;
Who then must wander naked, lacking clothes,
And starve with hunger while they bear the sheaves.
Between the walls they press the oozing oil
And tread the wine-press, yet they suffer thirst.†

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† The oppressed workmen do not share in the fruits of their labor.

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In cities filled with men the vassals groan,
The souls of wounded men cry out with pain;
Yet God heeds not the evil that is done.
Some men there are who 'gainst the light rebel,
Who will not walk within its trodden ways,
Nor in its paths abide.
The murderer at early dawn will rise, *
He slays the needy and the destitute,
And through the night he plays the part of thief.
Th'adulterer's eyes await the evening gloom,
"No eye," he says, "shall see me as I go;"
A muffling veil he winds about his face,
The burglar digs in darkness through the house,
And in the day-time hides himself away.
These men are strangers to the light;
The morn to them as darkness has become;
Yea, well they know the terrors of the night.
"Fleeting," [ye say,] "as on the river's face,
Accursed the sinner's portion in the earth;
Nor turns he ever to the vineyard's way.
As drought and heat consume the melting snow,
So Sheol soon consumes the sinful man.
His mother's womb forgets him utterly,
The crawling worm feeds sweetly on his flesh;
His memory shall perish from mankind;
Thus like a tree all sin is broken down.
Lo, such the fate of those who childless ones devour,
And do no kindly deed to widowed ones."

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Nay, by His strength God helpeth mighty men;
They rise again, though they despaired of life.
God maketh them secure, they are at rest;
His eyes are ever watching o'er their ways.
Exalted are they, — then at once are gone;
Brought low, like others they are gathered in;
Cut off are they like topmost ears of corn. *
If 'tis not so, who then will prove me false,
And show my speech to be devoid of worth?

Bildad, † Dread and dominion with our God abide;
In His high place He maketh harmony.
The number of His armies who can count?
On whom does not His light arise?
How then shall mortal man be just with God?
And how can one of woman born be clean?
Behold, the moon itself, — it is not bright,
And e'en the stars before him are not pure;
How much less mortal man who's but a worm,
And son of man, a worthless creeping thing.

Job. How hast thou helped the one bereft of power?
How hast thou saved the arm that has no strength?
How hast thou counseled here the witless one,
And made abundant show of knowledge sound?
To whom directest thou such words as these?

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* Except that they are spared the sufferings of long illness, the manner of their death is not different from that of other men.

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Whose breath is this that issued forth from thee?
  Tremble the giant shades
Beneath the seas and their inhabitants.
All bare before Him lies the underworld,
And dread Abaddon hath no covering.
He stretches out the north o'er empty space,
And hangs the earth on nothing in the air.
He binds the water in His clouds,
Nor are they rent beneath their heavy load.
He closes in the glory of His throne,
And like a curtain spreads His cloud o'er all.
He draws a circle on the water's face,
Out to the bounds where light and darkness meet.
High heaven's pillars shake,
Amazed at His rebuke.
Thus by His power He agitates the sea,
And by His wisdom smiteth Rahab down.
Then by His breath the sky becomes serene,
His hand the mighty flying serpent pierced.*
  Lo, these are but the outskirts of His ways;
How small a whisper do we hear of Him!
His mighty thunder who can understand?
  As liveth God who takes away my right,
The Mighty One who hath distressed my soul;
(For, all the while my life within me stays,
And in my nostrils is the breath of God;) †
My lips shall surely speak no lying words,

* The author of the poem adds to its antique and foreign coloring by putting into Job's mouth these references to primeval myths.

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Nor shall my tongue declare a thing that's false.
May God forbid that I should own you right:
Mine innocence I'll not give up till death;
My righteousness I'll hold nor let it go;
My heart shall not reproach me while I live.
As is the wicked man I'd have my foe;
And like the godless, those who do me wrong.
For what's the sinner's hope, though he get gain,
When God at last requires from him his soul?
Will God regard his cry,
When trouble comes to him?
Can he take pleasure in the Mighty One?
And doth he call on God at every time?
The hand of God will I declare to you,
Th'Almighty's dealings I will not conceal.
Behold, ye all have seen it for yourselves;
Why then speak ye such vanity as this:—*

* Many commentators consider that the following description of the portion of the wicked gives Job's natural views, in which he withdraws some of the assertions he made in the heat of argument, and so acknowledges that there is much truth in the position of the Friends. This, however, would mean that Job has been so thoroughly defeated in the debate that he adopts the views and even the language of his opponents. A more probable explanation of the course of thought is as follows:—Job offers to teach his Friends the truth about God's dealings with men. Their own observation of facts ought to have kept them from such unfounded assertions as they have made. These assertions he epitomises in xxvii. 13—23. Before proceeding to give the promised instruction, the poetical tendencies of the author lead him to introduce a description of the difficulty of obtaining wisdom and to extol its great value (xxviii. 1—19). It is this episode, together with the slow movement of the argument, that observes the train of thought. Job next asserts that only God can bestow this wisdom upon man (20—27), and then fulfils the promise of xxvii. 11 by stating what God teaches; viz., that true wisdom

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"This is the portion of the wicked man,
The heritage oppressors have with God;
His children multiply but for the sword,
His offspring shall not have their fill of bread.
Those whom he leaves are buried soon in death,
His widows make no mourning at his tomb.
Although he heaps up silver like the dust,
And makes his garments plenteous as the clay;
What he prepares the righteous shall put on,
His silver shall the innocent divide.
His house he buildeth as the evening moth,
Or like a booth the vineyard watcher makes.
He lies down rich, — it is his final act;
He opes his eyes, — and, lo, he is no more!
Great fears o'ertake him as a sudden flood,
The midnight whirlwind snatcheth him away,
The east wind catcheth him and he is gone,
It sweepeth him from his abiding place;
For God shall hurl at him and shall not spare,
Though fain would he escape from out God's hand.
Then men in scorn shall clap their hands at him,
And hiss at him from out the place he left."

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consists in fear of God and in righteousness. He brushes away the utilitarian philosophy of the Friends, asserting that the highest good is not prosperity but the wisdom that is synonymous with righteousness. Though the upright man may suffer, he attains that which is of supreme excellence; though the wicked man may have outward prosperity, he fails to gain the only thing that is worth living for. Job thus reaches the same conclusion as that of Ecclesiastes: — "This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard: fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." In taking this position Job shows that, contrary to Satan's insinuations, he does "fear God for nought."

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— There is a vein for mining silver ore,
There is a place for gold that men refine,
The iron from out the earth is dug,
And brass is molten from the stone.
The miner to the darkness sets an end,
And to the furthest bound he searches out
The stones of darkness and of death's dark shade.
Afar from homes of men he sinks a shaft,
And there, forgotten by the feet o'erhead,
Men hang and swing, far off from all their kind.
As for the earth, it is the source of bread,
From underneath 'tis turned as though by fire.
Within the stones the sapphires find their place;
There, too, is where the dust of gold is found.
No bird of prey hath known the miner's path,
The vulture's eye hath ne'er discerned that way,
No proudly pacing beasts have trod that road,
Nor hath the raging lion passed thereby.
Man putteth forth his hand against the quartz,
He overturneth mountains from their roots,
He cutteth channels in the rock,
His eye detecteth every precious thing,
He bindeth waters that they may not weep,
The thing long hid he bringeth out to light.

But wisdom, — where shall that be found?
And where's the place of clear intelligence?
Man knoweth not the proper price thereof,
It is not found in land of living men.
The deep saith, "Not in me;"
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Fine gold shall not be given in exchange,
Nor is the silver weighed as price thereof;
Its purchase is not made with Ophir's gold,
With precious onyx or the sapphire gem;
Nor gold nor glass can be compared with it;
'Tis not to be exchanged for plates of gold;
Coral and crystal are not named with it;
Yea, wisdom's price is more than precious pearls;
The topaz gem from Cush is not sufficient price,
Nor is its value weighed with purest gold.
  Whence then doth wisdom come?
And where's the place of clear intelligence?
Concealed is it from eyes of living men,
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Death and Abaddon say,
"Only a rumor of it reached our ears."
  — God understands its way,
He knows the place thereof;
His vision reaches to the ends of earth,
And He beholdeth all beneath the sky.
When to the wind He gave its weight,
And for the waters fixed their measurement;
When to the rain He gave its settled laws,
And for the thunder's flash marked out a path;
'Twas then He wisdom saw and made it known,
Gave it its place and searched its secret out;
And unto man He said:
"Behold the fear of God, that wisdom is;
To cease from evil is intelligence."

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Job. Oh, that I were as in the months of old,
As in the days when God still o'er me watched;
As when His light was shining on my head,
When through the darkness by His light I walked.
Oh, that I were as in my autumn days,
When on my tent God's favor still abode;
As when the Mighty One still dwelt with me,
And round about me were my children dear;
When all my steps were washed with cream,
And when the rock gushed out with streams of oil.
Then, when I went to seek the city's gate
And in the open place prepared my seat,
The young men saw me and withdrew themselves,
The aged rose and stood upon their feet,
The princes checked their words
And laid their hands upon their mouths;
The voice of noble ones was hushed,
Their tongues in silence to their palates cleaved.
The ear that heard me blessed me for my words,
The eye that saw me witnessed to my worth;
Because I saved the poor one when he cried,
The fatherless, and him that had no help.
A blessing from the perishing was mine,
The widow's heart I caused to sing for joy.
I put on righteousness, it clothed me o'er;
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A father to the poor,
The stranger's cause I carefully searched out.
I broke the fangs of wicked men,
And plucked the prey from out their very teeth.
Then said I: "In my nest shall I expire,
And like the phoenix multiply my days;
My root shall flourish by the water's brink,
The dew all night shall lie upon my branch,
My glory in me shall be ever fresh,
My bow shall be renewed within my hand."
Men lent an ear and waited for my word,
They silence kept while listening for my views.
They added nothing when my words were done,
My speech descended gently on their ears;
They waited for me as they would for rain,
With opened mouths as for the latter rain.
They scarce believed it when I smiled on them, *
They let not fall the brightness of my face.
I chose their ways, and as their chief I sat,
I dwelt as does a king among his hosts,
Like one who comfort gives to those who mourn.
[*Points to the rabble gathered about him.*
But now they mock me! — younger men than I,
Whose fathers I had scorned to set among my dogs!
What profit gained I from their strength of hand,
Those men in whom all vigor is destroyed?
With pressing want and famine they are gaunt,

* They could hardly believe that they had been so fortunate as to gain his approval.

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They gnaw the arid ground to gain their food
Amidst the gloom of waste and wilderness.
Among the shrubs they pluck the bitter herb,
The roots of juniper become their bread.
They're driven forth from out the midst of men,
Who shout against them as against a thief.
In gloomy groves they must find their home,
Within the caves of earth, among the rocks.
Among the shrubs they make a braying noise,
Beneath the nettles flock they like the beasts.
Offspring of folly, children of base men!—
With scourges were they driven from the land.

And now their song of mocking I've become;
A byword am I to express their scorn.
They loathe and stand aloof from me,
And yet spare not to spit upon my face.
Since God hath loosed my cord and bowed me down,
They too before me cast their bridle off.
At my right hand the rabble rise;
They thrust aside my feet;
Against me cast they up their deadly way;*
They mar my path, they forward my calamity;
These men who have no helper for themselves.
They come like warriors rushing through a breach,
Among the ruin they roll themselves along.
Terrors are turned on me;
They chase away mine honor like the wind,
And like a cloud my welfare fades away.

* The figure is that of a causeway built by the enemy to attack a castle.

They gnaw the arid ground to gain their food
Amidst the gloom of waste and wilderness.
Among the shrubs they pluck the bitter herbs,
The roots of juniper become their bread.
They're driven forth from out the midst of men,
Who shout against them as against a thief.
In gloomy gorges they must find their home,
Within the caves of earth, among the rocks.
Among the shrubs they make a braying noise,
Beneath the nettles flock they like the beasts.
Offspring of folly, children of base men!—
With scourges were they driven from the land.

And now their song of mocking I've become;
A byword am I to express their scorn.
They loathe and stand aloof from me,
And yet spare not to spit upon my face.
Since God hath loosed my cord and bowed me down,
They too before me cast their bridle off.
At my right hand the rabble rise;
They thrust aside my feet;
Against me cast they up their deadly way;*
They mar my path, they forward my calamity;
These men who have no helper for themselves.
They come like warriors rushing through a breach,
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And now my soul within me poureth out;
The days of my affliction hold me fast.
Night pierceth out my bones away from me;
The pains that gnaw me take no time for rest.
With great exertion is my garment changed,
It clingeth like the collar of my robe.
God's hand hath cast me down within the mire;
Like dust and ashes have I now become.

I cry to Thee, — no answer dost Thou give;
I stand before Thee and Thou eyest me.
So changed art Thou, becoming cruel to me,
And with Thy mighty hand oppressing me.
Thou liftest me upon the wind to ride,
Thou mak'st me vanish in the crash of storm;
I know that Thou wilt bring me down to death,
The house appointed for all living men.

Will not a falling man put forth his hand?
In his calamity not cry aloud for help?
Have not I wept for him whose day was hard?
For needy ones did not my soul have grief?
Yet, when I looked for good, then evil came;
And darkness while I waited for the light.

My bowels boil, they have not any rest;
Affliction's days have overtaken me.
Turned black, but not by sun, I pass along;
I rise and in th'Assembly cry for help.
The jackal's brother have I now become,
Companion to the ostrich brood.
My skin is black and peeleth off,
My bones are burned with heat.

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For this my harp hath turned to mournful notes,
My pipe become the voice of them that weep.
I had ordained a covenant with mine eyes;
How then should I upon a maiden look?*
For what is God's allotment from above,
The portion from the Mighty One on high?
Is not calamity the lot of wicked men;
Disaster that of those who evil do?
Doth God not see my ways,
And number all my steps?
If I have walked in paths of vanity,
Or if my foot hath hastened to deceit;
(Let God now weigh me in an even scale
That He may witness mine integrity;)
If from the way my step hath turned aside,
My heart hath walked obedient to my eyes,
Or any blemish to my hands adhered;—
Then let me sow, and let another eat,
Yea, let the produce of my field be rooted out.
If e'er my heart hath been by woman snared,
And at my neighbor's door I've lain in wait,—
Then let my wife for others grind,
Let others o'er her crouch;
For deed like that would be a heinous crime,
A sin of which the judges should take note;
For 'tis a fire that to Abaddon burns,
Such sins as that my increase would uproot.
If I have spurned the right of slave or maid,

* Here and in what follows Job denies having committed the sins with which the Friends had charged him.

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* Here and in what follows Job denies having committed the sins with which the Friends had charged him.

When their complaints before me they have brought, —
Then what, when God ariseth, should I do?
When He appears, what should I answer Him?
Who in the womb made me, made He not also him?
Did not one Being bring us from the womb?
If I have kept the poor from their desire,
If I have caused the widow's eyes to fail,
If I alone my morsel have devoured,
And let the orphan have no part therein;
(Nay, from my youth he grew with me
As though I had his father been,
And her I guided from my mother's womb;)
If I have seen one faint for lack of clothes,
Or needy one who could no covering find;
And if his loins have not a blessing spoke
When warmed by fleeces from my sheep derived;
If o'er the orphan I have raised my fist,
Because I saw my helpers in the gate; —
Then let my shoulder from its socket fall,
And let my arm be broken at the joint.
For God's destruction was a fear to me,
His glory held me back from deeds like these.
If I in gold have put my confidence,
Have said to coined gold, "O thou, my trust;"
If I exulted that my wealth was great,
And that my hand had made so great a gain;
If, looking on the sunlight as it shone,
Or on the moon as she in splendor walked,
My heart was secretly enticed away,
My hand in adoration touched my mouth; —

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This, too, were crime for judges to condemn,
For thus had I been false to God on high.
If in my foe's calamity I joyed,
Or was exultant o'er his evil fate;
(Nay, but I suffered not my mouth to sin
By e'er invoking on his life a curse;)
If any of my tent have not exclaimed,
"Who is there yet unsated with his meat?"
(The stranger never lodged without,
My doors I opened wide to wandering men;)
If I like Adam covered up my sin,
And in my bosom hid my wickedness,
Because I held the multitude in dread,
Or sneering of the tribes affrighted me
So that I silence kept and went not out of doors;—
— Oh, were there one to hear my words!—
Lo, here's my signature!
Mine Adversary — let Him write His charge;
Upon my shoulder would I carry it,
And bind it on me as one binds a crown.
I'd tell to Him the number of my steps,
Yea, like a prince would I draw near to Him.
Or if it be my land against me cries,
Or if its furrows weep,*
If I have eaten of its fruit for nought,
Or made its tenants part away their lives;—

* The land would complain if it had been gained by injustice; and the furrows, if too large a share of the products were demanded from those to whom it was rented.

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Then let the thistles spring instead of wheat,
And noisome weeds in place of barley grow.

THE WORDS OF JOB ARE ENDED.

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THE WORDS OF JOB ARE ENDED.

VII.

Elihu. [To the friends]. A youth am I, while ye are very old;
Therefore I shrank and feared to give my views.
I said that days should speak,
And multitude of years should wisdom teach.
But there's a spirit dwelling in a man,
Th'Almighty's breath doth understanding give.
'Tis not the great alone who are the wise,
Nor aged ones alone that see the right;
And hence I say, "I'ray listen now to me;
I, too, will utter knowledge, even I."
Behold, I waited long to hear your words,
I listened to the reasons that you brought
While you were searching out the thing to say;
Yea, to your speech I strict attention gave,
And lo, there's no one hath refuted Job,
No one among you who could meet his words.
Beware of saying, "We have wisdom found;"
For God, not man, it is will vanquish him.
'Tis not towards me that he directed words,
Nor will I answer with your arguments.
[Aside]. Dismayed are they, they do not answer more,
Bereft are they of words.
I waited for them, but they did not speak;
They stood stock-still and did not answer more.
I, then, for my own part, will answer now;
Yea, I will show what my opinion is;
For I am full of words,
The spirit in my breast constraineth me.

VII.

Elihu. [*To the Friends*]. A youth am I, while ye are very old;
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Yea, I will show what my opinion is;
For I am full of words,
The spirit in my breast constraineth me.

Behold, my heart is like unvented wine,
Like wine-skins new that are about to burst.
I'll speak that I may find relief,
Unlock my lips and thus an answer give.
Oh, let me not regard the face of man,
Nor flattering titles give to any one;
For I know not the arts of flattery,
Or else my Maker soon would cut me off.
[*Turns to Job.*
Howbeit, Job, I pray thee hear my speech,
And give attention to my every word.
Behold, I have unbarred my lips,
My tongue hath spoken in my mouth.
My words shall speak uprightness from my heart,
My lips sincerely speak the things they know.
God's spirit hath created me,
Th'Almighty's breath hath given me my life.
If thou art able, answer give to me;
Array thy words against me, take thy stand.
According to thy wish I stand for God; *
I, like thyself, was molded from the clay;
Behold, my terror shall not make thee fear,
Nor shall my hand upon thee heavy press.
In mine own hearing thou hast surely said; —
And I have heard the utterance of thy words: —
"Pure am I, free from sin;
I'm innocent, no guilt is found in me.
Behold, God seeketh out some grounds for strife,
He counteth me to be His enemy;

* He offers himself as the daysman desired by Job (ix. 33).

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Behold, God seeketh out some pretext for strife,
He counteth me to be His enemy;

* He offers himself as the mediator desired by Job (ix. 33).

My feet He putteth in the stocks,
He marketh all the paths I take."
In this, I answer thee, thou art not just;
For greater far is God than mortal man.
Why then again: Him dost thou make complaint
That by no word doth he an answer give?
For God does speak; He speaketh once,
Yea, speaketh twice,* though men regard it not.
In dreams, in visions of the night,
When slumber sinketh down on mortal men,
Then opens He their ears,
And sealeth up therein the warning that He gives
To make man [illegible]
And hide from him his pride,
To keep his soul from going to the pit,
His life from dying by the sword.
Or man with pain is chastened on his bed,
His bones are racked with strife that knows no rest;
And thus his life abhorreth bread,
His soul, the dainty meat;
His flesh consumes away and is not seen,
His bones are bare that were not seen before;
And so his soul draws nearer to the pit,
His life approaches the devouring ones.
If then there be [illegible] him a messenger,
One from a thousand [illegible] interpreter,
To show to man what way is right for him;
Then God seals gracious with him and saith,
"Deliver him from going to the pit;

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A ransom have I found."
Fresher than any child's his flesh becomes,
He turneth back to days of youth again.
He prays to God, and God accepts his prayer,
And makes him see God's face again with joy;
God giveth back to man his righteousness,
So that he sings to other men, and this his song:—
"I sinned and wandered from the right;
'Twas not requited me.
God saved my soul from going to the pit,
I live and see the light."

Behold, God worketh all such things as these
Time after time and times on time with man,
His soul to rescue from the pit,
And to enlighten him with light of life.

Mark well, O Job, and listen to my words,
Hold thou thy peace that I may still speak on;
Or, if there's aught to say, then answer me;
Speak out, for I would find thee innocent;
If not, then hearken yet again to me;
Hold thou thy peace and I will wisdom teach.

[*To the elders of the city who have been listening to the debate.*

Hear, O ye wise, my words;
Ye men of knowledge, hear ye what I say.
It is the ear that tryeth words,
As 'tis the palate tests the taste of meat.
Then let us make a choice of what is right,
And try to know between us what is good;
For Job hath said: "I am a righteous man,
And God hath snatched away what was my right.

A ransom have I found."
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And God hath taken away what was my right.

Against that right shall I a far be?
My wound is mortal, though I'm free from guilt."
What man is there like Job
Who like to water drink the scoring down,
Who joins the band of them who evil do,
And walketh in the ways of evil men?
For he hath said, "It profits nought to man
That he should find his pleasure in his God."
And so, ye wise men, hear ye what I say;
Far be it,—far from God be wickedness!
The Mighty God be far from evil deed!
The work of man will He requite to him,
And make him find according to his way.
Yea, of a truth, God will not do the wrong,
The Mighty One will not pervert the right.
Who gave to Him the charge of all the earth,
And who on Him hath laid the universe?
If He should set His heart upon Himself,
His breath and spirit to Himself recall;
All flesh together would as life gasp out,
And back to dust would man return again.
If ye can understand, then hear ye this,
And give attention to the words I speak.
Can one dominion have who hates the right?
Wilt thou condemn the Just, the Mighty One?
Who says before a king, "Thou worthless one"?
Or says to princes, "Ye are wicked men"?
God shows no favor to the cause of kings,
He heedeth not the rich before the poor;
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They in a moment die,
At midnight they're o'erthrown and pass away;
The mighty are removed, though not by human hands.
His eyes are over all the ways of men,
He seeth all their steps.
There is no darkness and no shade of death
Where men of evil deeds can hide themselves.
He need not look on man a second time,
When any one in judgment comes to God.
In ways past finding out He breaks the strong,
And setteth up yet others in their stead.
He taketh knowledge therefore of their works,
He overturns them in a night, — they're crushed.
Because they're wicked men, He beateth them
In open place where all can see the sight.
It is because they turned aside from Him,
And no attention to His ways would pay.
They caused the poor man's plaint to come to Him,
He heard the cry of all afflicted ones.

When He gives peace, who is there can disturb?
Who can behold Him when He hides His face
In dealing with a nation or a man,
In order that the godless may not rule,
And that the people be no more ensnared?

Oh, if he had but said to God,
"Chastising have I borne; I'll sin no more.
Teach Thou to me whate'er I do not see.
If I have evil done, I'll do no more."

[*To Job.*

Shall God reward thee on thy terms and say,

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Shall God reward thee on thy terms and say,

"You may reject or you may choose, not I:
So thou speak out whate'er it is you know"?
Men who have knowledge will assert to me,
Yea, every wise man who has heard my words:—
"Job speaks in ignorance;
Devoid of wisdom are the words he speaks.
Unto the uttermost let Job be proved,
Because he answers as do wicked men;
For thus he adds rebellion to his sin,
Among us claps defiantly his hands,
And multiplies his words against our God."
Then thinkest thou that this is right?
Dost say, "My righteousness is more than God's"?
For thou hast asked what gain shall be to thee,
"What profit have I more than from my sin?"
I'll answer thee
And thy companions too.
Look on the heavens and see,
Behold the skies so far above thy head;—
If thou hast sinned, what doest thou to Him?
And if thy guilt increase, what doest thou to Him?
If thou art just, what gives thou to Him?
Or what receiveth He from out thy hand?
It is to men like thee thy sin does harm,
To sons of men thy righteousness brings gain.
Men cry aloud because they're sore oppressed,
They groan beneath the arms of mighty ones;
Yet no one saith, "Where is my maker, God,
Who in the night-time gives us songs of praise,
Who gives us knowledge more than to the beasts,

"You may reject or you may choose, not I;
So then speak out whate'er it is you know"?
Men who have knowledge will assert to me,
Yea, every wise man who has heard my words: —
"Job speaks in ignorance;
Devoid of wisdom are the words he speaks.
Unto the uttermost let Job be proved,
Because he answers as do wicked men;
For thus he adds rebellion to his sin,
Among us claps defiantly his hands,
And multiplies his words against our God."
Then thinkest thou that this is right?
Dost say, "My righteousness is more than God's"?
For thou hast asked what gain shall be to thee,
"What profit have I more than from my sin?"
I'll answer thee
And thy companions too.
Look on the heavens and see,
Behold the skies so far above thy head; —
If thou hast sinned, what doest thou to Him?
And if thy guilt increase, what doest thou to Him?
If thou art just, what givest thou to Him?
Or what receiveth He from out thy hand?
It is to men like thee, thy sin does harm,
To sons of men thy righteousness brings gain.
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Yet no one saith, "Where is my maker, God,
Who in the night-time gives us songs of praise,
Who gives us knowledge more than to the beasts,

And makes us wiser than the birds of air?"
Hence He no answer gives, although they cry
By reason of the pride of evil men.
God will not give an ear to vanity,
Nor will th'Almighty hold it in regard.
E'en when thou sayest that thou seest Him not,
The cause is placed before Him; therefore wait.
  But now because He doth not come in wrath,
Nor strict attention give to arrogance;
Job opens thus his mouth in vanity,
And words devoid of knowledge multiplies.
  A moment wait and I will bring thee proof,
For I have many words to speak for God;
From far away my knowledge will I bring,
Ascribing to my Maker righteousness.
The words I speak, they surely are not false;
A man of perfect knowledge talks to thee.
Lo, God is mighty, yet despises none;
The strength of His intelligence is great.
The wicked ones He will not keep alive,
To all afflicted ones He gives their rights,
He taketh not His eyes from righteous men;
With kings upon the throne
He setteth them to be exalted there.
If they should be in fetters bound,
And held in sorrow's bands;
Then shows He them the deeds that they have done,
Their evil acts, their overweening pride.
He opens wide their ears to His reproof,
And warns them that they turn from wicked ways.

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If then they hearken and obey His word,
They spend their future days in good,
And all their years in joyfulness;
But should they hearken not, they perish by the sword,
Devoid of knowledge shall they lose their lives.
The men of godless hearts shall store up wrath,
When bound by Him they make no cry for help;
They die in youth,
Their lives are spent among the vilest men.
God by afflicted saves afflicted men,
Their ears He opens by adversity.
Thee also would He lure from trouble's mouth
Out into open place where's no constraint;
Thy table's setting should be full of fat.
But thou hast filled the judgment of the base,
Judgment and justice shall lay hold on thee.
Beware lest wrath should make thee mock the blow,
And such great ransom fail to bring thee back.
Shall wealth avail to save thee from distress,
Or all the forces that thy strength puts forth?
Oh, long not for the night, ...
When people from their place are cut away,
Take heed, nor turn to wickedness,
For this hast thou preferred to suffering.
Behold, God worketh lofty in power;
Where's there a teacher to compare with Him?
Who is it that assigns to Him His way?
And who can say, "Thou doest wickedly"?
Remember thou to magnify His work
Which men make mention of in song.

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Remember thou to magnify His work
Which men make mention of in song.

All men with wonder gaze upon that work;
Yea, every man beholds it from afar.

[*While Elihu speaks, clouds are gathering in the western sky.*

Lo, God is great, beyond our power to know;
The number of His years unsearchable.
'Tis He who draweth up the water-drops,
And they distil in rain or vapory mist,
Which then the clouds pour down
And drop abundantly on men beneath.

[*Thunder and lightning.*

Can any understand the spreadings of the clouds,
The thunderings of His canopy?
Behold, He spreadeth over them His light,
He covereth o'er the bottom of the sea.
By these doth He the nations judge,
He giveth them their food in full supply.

[*The lightning becomes more vivid and the thunder grows louder.*

With light He covereth His hands,
And gives it charge that it shall strike the mark.
The noise thereof reports the lightning's work.
The frightened herds announce the coming storm.
My heart too trembles at the awful sound,
And moveth from its place.
Hear ye, oh hear the tumult of His voice,
The muttering sound that cometh from His mouth.
He sends it forth through all of heaven's expanse,
His lightning to the edges of the earth.
Behind it roars a voice,
With His majestic voice He thundereth;
Nor doth He stay them while His voice is heard.

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Yea, marvellously God thunders with His voice,
Great things He doth, we comprehend them not;
For unto snow He saith, "Descend to earth;"
The showers too, His flood of mighty rain.
He sealeth up the hands of every man,*
That all whom He hath made may know His power.
Back to their covers slink the beasts away,
And stay within their dens.
From out His chambers comes the hurricane,
And from the scattering winds a chilly blast.
The ice is given by the breath of God,
The broadness of the water is constrained;
He loads the cloud with rain,
And all around He spreads the lightning-cloud:
'Tis by His guidance it is turned about
To do what He commands
O'er all the earth which man inhabiteth;
Be it as scourge, or for the land's own good,
Or if for mercy that He make it come.

O Job, give ear to this:
Stand still and scan the wonderous works of God.
Dost know how God doth lay His laws on them,
And cause the lightning of His cloud to shine?
Dost know the poisings of the clouds,
The wonderous works of Him whose knowledge is complete?
[The threatened shower passes to one side. The air grows sultry.
A strange unearthly light gives the sky a metallic appearance.
Thou, with thy garments warm

* That is, causes them to suspend work.

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As from the south the sultry world grows still;
Canst thou with Him spread out that firmament,
So firm, so like a molten mirror overhead?

[*An unnatural gloom spreads over the earth, filling the heart of Elihu with terror.*

Oh, teach us what to say to Him.
— We cannot speak aright! — It grows so dark! —
Ah, is it told Him I have tried to speak? —
Shall one so speak? — He shall be swallowed up!

[*The lower clouds from which the lightning came are scattered by a breeze that precedes a whirlwind.*

And now the lightning is no longer seen; —
That splendor in the clouds! —
The wind has passed and cleared them all away.

[*A light diffusing itself over the northern sky culminates in the glory of the Shekinah betokening the divine presence. Immediately after, the whirlwind bursts upon the earth.*

From out the north a golden glory comes. —
With God is awful majesty! —
Th'Almighty One! — We cannot find Him out!
Mighty in power, in judgment great,
Perfect in justice, He will not oppress;
For this it is men stand in awe of Him;
The wise in their own hearts He heedeth not.

The Lord. What man is this who maketh counsel dark
By words without intelligence? *

* The most natural interpretation is to suppose that this refers to Elihu; though afterwards (xlii. 3) Job acknowledges that he also had spoken unadvisedly.

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[To 40.] Gird now thy loins like a man,
For I will question thee; and answer thou.
When I the earth's firm foundations laid, where then wast thou?
Declare, if thou hast knowledge of the truth,
Who fixed its measures — — — thou dost know —
Or o'er it stretched his line?
On what were its foundations fixed?
Who was it laid the corner-stone
When all the morning stars in chorus sang,
And all the sons of God raised shouts of joy?
Who shut the sea with doors
When forth it broke as issuing from the womb;
When for its raiment I prepared the cloud,
And gave thick darkness for its swaddling-band;
When I prescribed for it my boundaries,
And set its bars and doors;
And said, "Thus far, no farther, shalt thou come,
And at this point let thy proud waves be stayed"?
E'er since thy birth hast thou the morn controlled,
And made the dayspring know its proper place,
That it should seize the ends of the earth,
And cause the wicked to be shaken out?
The earth is changed as clay beneath a seal,
All things stand forth as in a garment gay;
But from the wicked is their light withheld,
The arm uplifted high is broken off.

Hast thou explored the fountains of the sea;
Or hast thou trod recesses of the deep?
Have e'er the gates of death been shown to thee?
Hast thou e'er seen the portals of deep gloom?

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Hast thou surveyed the breadth of all the earth?
Declare then, if thou knowest all these things,
Where lies the path to light's abiding-place?
And, as for darkness, where's the place it dwells,
That thou shouldst take it to its proper bounds,
And well discern the pathway to its house?
Thou doubtless knowest, since thou then wast born;
The number of thy days is very great!

Hast entered to the storehouse of the snow,
Or ever seen the storehouse of the hail,
Which I reserved against the time of woe,
Against the day of battle and of war?
Where runs the path by which the lightning parts?
How is the east wind scattered o'er the earth?
Who cleft a channel for the water-flood,
Or way appointed for the thunder-flash,
That rain might fall on land devoid of men,
Upon the wilderness where no one dwells,
To satisfy the waste and dreary ground,
And cause the tender grass to spring anew?
A father hath the rain?
The drops of dew, who hath begotten them?
From whose womb came the ice?
The hoary frost of heaven, who gendered it?
The waters harden and become as stone,
The surface of the deep is frozen o'er.

Canst thou bind fast the chain of Pleiades?
Canst thou unloose the fetters of the Giant?
Canst thou lead forth the Stations in their times?
The Bear and Offspring, canst thou be their guide?

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The statutes of the heavens dost thou know?
Canst thou appoint their influence o'er the earth?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to reach the clouds
And bid the flood of waters cover thee?
Canst thou send forth the lightnings that they go;
And will they say, "Behold us, we are here"?
Who put this wisdom in thine inward parts,
Or gave such understanding to thy mind?
Who by his wisdom counteth up the clouds?
Or who pours out the bottles of the sea,
When time the dust is as a molten mass,
And clods together cleave?
Wilt thou provide the lioness her prey,
Or satisfy the cravings of her whelps,
While, crouching in their rocky dens, they rest,
Or in their covers lie in wait for prey?
Who for the raven finds his food
When unto God his young ones lift their cry,
And wander, lacking meat?
Dost know the time when rock-goats bear their young,
Or hast thou marked the travail of the hinds?
Canst reckon up the months that they fulfil,
Or knowest thou the time when they bring forth?
They bow themselves and to their young give birth,
Their sorrows cast they out.
The young are strong as in the fields they grow,
They wander forth and come not back again.
Who is it that hath set the wild ass free?
Who is it that hath loosed the wild colt's bands,
Whose home I made to be the wilderness,

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And gave the salt waste for his dwelling place?
The city's tumult holdeth he in scorn,
The shouting of the driver heareth not;
The mountain ranges are his pasture-ground,
He searcheth out the verdure growing there.
Will the wild ox consent to be thy slave,
Or in thy stall will he contented dwell?
Canst bind him to the furrow with a band?
The valleys will he harrow after thee?
And canst thou trust him, since his strength is great?
Wilt thou commit to him the labor of thy farm?
Wilt thou trust him to bring thy harvest home,
And gather in the corn upon thy threshing-floor?

The pinions of the ostrich proudly wave;
But are her wings and feathers like the stork's?
Nay; — for her eggs she leaveth on the earth,
And warms them in the dust;
Forgetting that the passing foot may crush,
Or that a desert beast may trample them.
Harsh is she to her young, as if they were not hers,
And nothing cares if all her labor be in vain;
For God all wisdom hath denied to her,
And understanding hath not granted her;
But when she rouses up herself for flight,
She scorns the horse and him who rides thereon.

Unto the war-horse hast thou given strength?
Hast thou with waving mane adorned his neck?
Or hast thou made him like the locust leap?
Majestic is his snorting — terrible.
He paws the valleys, in his strength exults,

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And hurries forth to meet the armored men.
He mocks at fear and never feels dismay,
Nor turns he back in terror from the sword.
Against his flesh the rattling quiver strikes,
The flashing sword, and glittering javelin.
With rage and fierceness swallows he the ground.
He stands not still when sounds the trumpet's call.
At every blast that sounds he says, "Aha! Aha!"*
He snuffeth up the battle yet afar,
The thunder of the captains and their shouts.

Soars high the hawk by wisdom guided from thee,
As towards the south she stretches out her wing?
Is it at thy command the eagle mounts
To make her nest on high?
She perches on the cliff and lodges there;
Upon the rock's sharp crag, — a castle strong.
From thence she spieth out her prey;
Her eye beholds it from afar.
Her young ones also gorge themselves with blood;
And where the slain ones are, there too is she.

Shall cavilling man oppose the Mighty One?
He that disputes with God, let him an answer give.

Job. Lo, I am weak; what shall I answer Thee?
Upon my mouth I lay my hand.
Once have I spoken, — I will not reply;
Twice have I spoken, — I will add no more.

The Lord. Gird now thy loins like a man.
I will demand of thee; thy answer give.

---

* The neighing of a horse.

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Wilt thou my judgment disannul,
And Me condemn that thou mayst clear thyself?
Hast thou an arm like God's,
And canst thou thunder with a voice like His?
Deck now thyself with splendor and with pride,
Array thyself with majesty and pomp;
Pour forth the overflowings of thy wrath,
Look thou on every one that's proud and humble him;
Yea, look upon the proud and bring him low,
And trample down the wicked where they stand.
Together hide them in the dust,
Their faces in the darkness bind.
Then even I will make acknowledgment
That thy right hand can save thee by itself.
Behemoth see, whom I have made with thee;
He feedeth on the herbage like an ox;
But in his loins, lo, what strength is there!
His force is in the muscles of his flanks.
As 'twere a cedar moveth he his tail;
The sinews of his thighs are woven firm,
His bones are tubes of brass,
His limbs like bars of iron.
The master-piece is he of all God's works,
And He who made him gave to him a sword. *
The mountains yield to him his food,
There all the forest beasts disport themselves.
Beneath the lotus plants he lieth down,
Within the covert of the reedy fen.

* The incisor teeth of the hippopotamus; or, if the description refers to an elephant, his tusks.

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And Me condemn that thou mayst clear thyself?
Hast thou an arm like God's,
And canst thou thunder with a voice like His?
Deck now thyself with splendor and with pride,
Array thyself with majesty and pomp;
Pour forth the overflowings of thy wrath,
Look thou on every one that's proud and humble him;
Yea, look upon the proud and bring him low,
And trample down the wicked where they stand.
Together hide them in the dust,
Their faces in the darkness bind.
Then even I will make acknowledgment
That thy right hand can save thee by itself.

Behemoth see, whom I have made with thee;
He feedeth on the herbage like an ox;
But in his loins, lo, what strength is there!
His force is in the muscles of his flanks.
As 'twere a cedar moveth he his tail;
The sinews of his thighs are woven firm,
His bones are tubes of brass,
His limbs like bars of iron.
The master-piece is he of all God's works,
And He who made him gave to him a sword. *
The mountains yield to him his food,
There all the forest beasts disport themselves.
Beneath the lotus plants he lieth down,
Within the covert of the reedy fen.

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* The incisor teeth of the hippopotamus; or, if the description refers to an elephant, his trunk.

The lotus plants protect him with their shade,
The willows of the brook encompass him.
The river overflows — he trembles not;
Fears not although a Jordan spread his mouth.
Shall any take him while looking on it, watch,
Or with a binding-cord pierce through his nose?

Canst thou with hook draw out leviathan;
Or with a fishing-line press down his tongue?
A rush-rope through his nostrils canst thou thrust,
Or with a thorny spine pierce through his jaw?
Will he make many prayers unto thee?
Or greet thee with soft words?
Or will he make a covenant with thee,
That thou mayest take him for ever thy slave?
As with a bird wilt thou disport with him,
And bind him for thy maidens with a cord?
Do bands of fishermen make trade of him,
Dividing him among the Canaanites?
Canst fill his skin with darts,
His head with fishing-spears?

Put out thine hand on him; —
The fight remember, — do it not again!
Behold, the hope of taking him is vain;
At every sight of him is one cast down.
There's none so bold that dares to raise him up;
(Who then the man can stand before My face?
Who gave to me that I must needs repay?
Since everything beneath the skies is mine.)
Nor will I silence keep about his limbs,
His mighty strength, the beauty of his frame.

The lotus plants protect him with their shade,
The willows of the brook encompass him.
The river overflows, — he trembles not;
Fears not although a Jordan splash his mouth.
Shall any take him while he's on the watch,
Or with a binding-cord pierce through his nose?

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A rush-rope through his nostrils canst thou thrust,
Or with a thorny spine pierce through his jaw?
Will he make many prayers to thee?
Or greet thee with soft words?
Or will he make a covenant with thee,
That thou mayst take him for thy life-long slave?
As with a bird wilt thou disport with him,
And bind him for thy maidens with a cord?
Do bands of fishermen make trade of him,
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Who e'er laid bare the surface of his coat?
The two-fold row of teeth, who enters there?
Or who unlocks the portals of his face?
The circuits of his teeth are terrible.
His strong scales are his pride,
They shut together as with close-set seal;
Each clingeth to the next
So close that not a breath can come between.
Each one is to his fellow joined;
They cleave so close no one can open them.
His neesings flash forth light,
His eyes are like the eyelids of the dawn.
From out his mouth go burning lamps,
And sparks of fire leap forth.
From out his nostrils goeth forth a smoke
As from a seething-pot and burning reeds.
His breath enkindleth coals,
A flame proceedeth from his mouth.
Strength dwelleth on his neck,
Before him terror leaps.
Together cleave the foldings of his flesh,
Firm fixed upon him, all immovable.
His heart is hard like stone;
Yea, as a nether millstone is it hard.
When he arises, heroes are afraid;
They are beside themselves with sudden fear.
If one lays at him with a sword, 'tis vain;
Nor spear, nor dart, nor javelin avails;
He counteth iron as straw,
And brass as rotten wood.

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He counteth iron as straw,
And brass as rotten wood.

The arrow cannot make him flee;
No more to him are sling-stones than is chaff;
The clubs as stubble are esteemed by him;
He laugheth at the rushing of the spear.
His underparts as by sharp sherds are armed;
A threshing-wain he spreadeth on the mire.
He makes the waters as a caldron boil,
And like an ointment-pot the sea.
He makes a shining path appear behind,
And one would think the deep was hoary hair.
On earth there's not another like to him,
One made devoid of fear.
He looketh out on everything that's high,
As monarch over all the sons of pride.

Job. I know that everything Thou canst perform;
And nothing is too hard for Thee.
"What man is this who maketh counsel dark?"
Yea, I have uttered what I did not know,
Wonders too great for me to understand.
"Oh, hear me now," [I said,] "and I will speak."
"I will demand of thee," [Thou saidst,] "thy answer give."
By hearing of the ear I'd heard of Thee,
But now mine eye hath seen Thyself;
And hence I loathe myself,
In dust and ashes I repent of sin.

The Lord. To Eliphaz. My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends; for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath. Now therefore

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take unto you seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job, and offer up for yourselves a burnt offering; and my servant Job shall pray for you; for him will I accept, that I deal not with you after your folly; for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath.

EPILOGUE.

So Eliphaz the Temanite and Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite went, and did according as the Lord commanded them; and the Lord accepted Job. And the Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends; and the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. Then came there unto him all his brethren, and all his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him in his house; and they bemoaned him, and comforted him concerning all the evil that the Lord had brought upon him; every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one a ring of gold. So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning; and he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses. He had also seven sons and three daughters. And he called the name of the first Jemimah; and the name of the second, Keziah; and the name of the third, Keren-happuch. And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job; and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren. And after this Job lived an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, even four generations. So Job died, being old and full of days.

Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, how that the Lord is full of pity, and merciful.
Jas. v. 11.

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